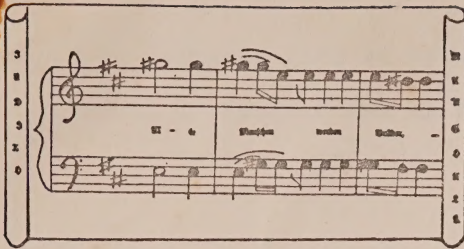


Memo - The first sentence of this letter
was reprinted in The Boston Globe on Friday,
July 22, 1977 under the headline, "A Good Thing"



JUDY DEUTSCH

41 Concord Road
Sudbury, Mass. 01776

July 12, 1977

The Editors
The Boston Globe
Boston, MA

Dear Editors:

Given the world as we know it (with overcrowdedness in some areas, limited supplies of energy, poor distribution of the world's food supply), some of us believe that it is a very good thing that some people get their sexual satisfaction in ways that do not permit procreation. As a ~~person~~ practicing heterosexual (who has been married for thirty years, ~~and who~~ who has given birth to four ~~children~~ ^{children} who delights in her husband and the three "children"- 24, 22, 16- who still live), I ~~appreciate~~ ~~readily~~ accept and appreciate a world where some people are homosexuals, some are heterosexual and where still others are both.

My acceptance and my appreciation stems from my theological understanding of what is truly holy, i.e., the interacting whole of which humans are only a part. My concept of holiness allows us (theologians and non-theologians) to recognize the importance of ~~non-human, as well as human~~ parts of totality. With such recognition, we can accept homosexuals and their probable (but not necessary) non-procreation (i.e., some people who engage in homosexual relations are bisexual- homosexual and heterosexual- and in their heterosexual roles do procreate!) as human members of the universe playing as significant roles as heterosexual humans!

Thus, "in religious groups it may successfully be argued that the ultimate spiritual meaning and moral quality of human sexuality..." can be as fulfilled in deep and lasting homosexual relations as in heterosexual ones."

Judy Deutsch

Unitarian-Universalist Consultant
in Religious Education and Social
Concern

Ph. D. student in theological
studies, specializing in religion and society
religion

Beyond Anger: 'Tis Love That Sets Me Free

Judy Dantzer
Summer 1974

Love, compassion, empathy, self-determination and symbiosis- these are the qualities involved in my liberation. Anger, hostility, vindictiveness- these were (and sometimes are, and probably always will be) qualities involved in my subjugation.

I have found that anger and hostility cripple me; that, particularly when I am angry for a long period ~~of time~~, I am not free to function effectively so as to communicate with others and to negotiate for my own needs and desires. In anger, I may obtain my immediate demands but, most often, I do so at the expense of my long term goals. I, and other ~~women~~ women who are not usually angry but who are, ~~instead~~ instead, able to work out fair solutions with our brothers, need not apologize for our ability and our desire to do so.

The human condition is a complex one. We live in a patriarchal society that unnecessarily restricts men, women and children. We women who are not angry can be part of an effective personhood whose members "live" (or "are" or "self-actualize") and, in so "being," help to crumble the present patriarchy. Women should remember that patriarchal society could never have evolved had not women submitted themselves to subjugation. In working with men, women should make certain that their own needs and desires, as well as those of men, are satisfied.

Love, for me, includes love of myself. It includes an appraisal of my needs and my desires and my belief that I should receive a fair (an equal) share. My needs and desires have included wanting to give birth to, and raise, three children. (They are now 21, 19 and 13.) and the desire to live with the man who has given me so much pleasure and bliss in lovemaking, as well as material support and intellectual stimulation and companionship and who has shared in the raising of our children, helping to make it possible for me to pursue academic, vocational and other interests.

When, at the age of eighteen and two months, I chose to live with this man, I chose to do so in the form of a legal marriage. My immediate cultural environment was such in 1947 (the year in which I married) that my decision to marry at that age was, in itself (certainly among our family members), considered revolutionary. It never occurred to me to opt to live with this man without benefit of matrimony although I recognized such a relationship as an acceptable form for others.

I suspect that if I were eighteen now (instead of forty-five), I would opt to live with him outside of marriage. I am, however, not at all sure. It is easy to see the tensions inherent in marriage, particularly a marriage in which the man (or the woman) serves as the main financial support of the family. Such tensions can exist in a non-marriage relationship as well. I wonder whether they are more destructive within or without marriage.



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Our nineteen year old son has recently likened marriage to a situation in which two people maintain they want to remain in a locked room but find it necessary to give someone else the key that is able to unlock the room. I believe his simile is most appropriate.

I am aware that the external restrictions placed on the dissolution of marriage have helped to perpetuate many relationships that probably would have ~~helped to perpetuate many relationships~~ been terminated had they been non-marriage relationships. I am aware, too, that the continuance of some of these relationships has been destructive and the continuance of some, constructive, depending upon the particular relationship and how the tensions have been resolved. For those in which the tensions have been resolved well, the external restrictions have probably been helpful; for those in which they have not been resolved- or have been resolved poorly- the external conditions have probably been harmful.

Many of the tensions which seem inherent in marriage derive from the different roles which the partners play. The man or woman who elects to stay at home and care for young children most of the time has very different needs from the man or woman who elects to spend eight hours and more earning the bread for his or her family or for her or himself. The woman who has spent a large part of her life "raising a family" is usually not able to enter the job market in a competitively favorable way and, once she does reenter the job market, may always feel resentful.

Looking backwards, it seems to me that the kind of relationship that would have been most desirable for me (and probably for my husband as

well) was a relationship in which we each remained breadwinners and family raisers, sharing about equally in the work in and outside of the home.

I do not see that such a division is the solution for everyone, even for every woman and man who elect to live together in a continuing relationship and raise a family. There are women who want to spend all of their working time raising a family and caring for a home, just as there are women who want to spend none of their time doing so and as there are women who want to make ^{some} ~~some~~ intermediate arrangements and, as I've been told, there are men who'd like to spend all of their working time at home caring for a family and home, etc..

I am aware, too, that heterosexual relationships are not for everyone; I recognize the validity of homosexual, bisexual and asexual relationships for those who want them. And, I recognize, that even those who want continuing heterosexual relationships cannot always achieve them or do not wish to maintain them at the prices they would have to pay.

The opportunities and acceptance should exist for the people involved to work out the arrangements that suit them best. Whatever they are- be they marriage, non-marriage, communal arrangements, etc.- the individuals involved should be equal partners working out solutions that fit their needs- solutions in which they'll function in ways that allow each of them to play equal roles in the decision-making process and in the earning and receiving of respect for the roles that they play.

That the legal framework in which men and women now work out these arrangements is oppressive is all too obvious. We cannot be oblivious to the alimony system and its ill effects on both men and women nor to the frequent lack of property rights, ^{and equal job opportunities} ~~and~~ credit ratings for women. We must work to eradicate these conditions. I see such work as the cooperative enterprise of men and women or, if you will, of sisters and brothers.

My biological makeup (and, perhaps, my cultural conditioning) is such that I welcome an intimate continuing relationship with one man. I appreciate the physiological and the psychological benefits I have derived from such a relationship. Although I derive tremendous satisfaction from intellectual achievement and from the companionship of my sisters, these satisfactions are not substitutes for those I receive from my primary relationship. I know that I want the best of all worlds and, fortunately, I have frequently been able to have it.

I do not consider that I have received a "cheap grace." In fact, I contend that my state of grace is an extremely expensive one- one that I have earned through hard intellectual and physical work, and through much self-analysis, as well as through the analysis of others. What I have discovered is my responsibility to myself- to my being the sort of ~~xxx~~ person I want to be at every stage of the game. When I feel that I am being prevented from functioning in the way I want to, it is my responsibility to find out why and to make ~~xxxxxxx~~ the changes

that will enable me to function as I wish. Most often, it turns out that I first have to change myself (my actions, my reactions) and then, in turn (according to the ripple effect, if you will) other people and situations change in the way they act and react toward me.

I am not so smug as to be unaware that my middle class Jewish upbringing, my fairly good undergraduate education and my fine graduate opportunities, as well as my husband who, in many ways, is unusually cooperative and understanding, have been very helpful factors. (Lest I be misunderstood, let me explain that my undergraduate education was obtained at a free city college and that my graduate education was started with the help of a scholarship awarded for merit. My middle class Jewish parents did not see reasons for paying for a college education when one could be obtained free. Shortly afterward, my husband and I [both full time students and part time workers] were too poor to pay for our education. Much later, we began to provide the money.) I am not, however, so humble as to be unaware that my willingness to recognize my own needs and the needs of others, my willingness to refuse to accept the status quo, and my willingness to work hard to bring about changes have earned me my state of grace.

Before I reached this state, anger, hostility and vindictiveness were often with me. If they are with you- you must accept them and react in an angry way. If they are not with you, and you are a woman, I hope you won't be intimidated by your angry sisters who act as though you are out of your mind and/or naive when you recognize that you are not angry with your brothers, only willing to struggle with them towards better solutions.

By Max L. Stackhouse
Special to The Globe

Anita Bryant, the Sunshine Lady, recently became the symbol of efforts to restrict the rights of homosexual people in Dade County, Florida. There are some indications the campaign may become a national issue.

The debates are not only political. They are also religious and moral. Ms. Bryant has applied her understanding of the Bible and her concern for children to a situation that has implications for public ethics and law. Unfortunately, she confuses more than clarifies the issues at several points.

She has confused civil liberties and civil rights with certain religious and moral marks of holiness. She belongs to a tradition emphasizing strict separation of church and state, but is calling upon the state to enforce, by law, certain teachings of the Judeo-Christian traditions.

Those not familiar with religious ways of thinking can see nothing of merit in what she is doing. Not everything she is about, however, is nonsense. If we believe that there is a God who is ethical, or if we believe that there is a basic moral law in the universe, may we not ask whether homosexuality is in full and highest accord with that moral order?

Recent scholars have argued that the basic ethics of sexuality have to do with the quality, continuity, integrity, and wholeness of relations between people. These moral qualities apply to both heterosexual and homosexual relationships.

Ms. Bryant and her followers are, in their own way, in fact, forcing serious questions about the fundamentals of moral thoughts and actions.

They are challenging all those, especially gay advocates, who hold that sexual morality is relative to personal choice and preference. They challenge the idea that a fundamental moral order, if it exists, does not apply to this area of life.

They also challenge those who believe that basic moral principles apply equally to all sexual relations, with same-sex or other-sex preferences being morally irrelevant. They are asking whether deep and lasting homosexual and heterosexual relationships are equally valid, equally wonderful, equally fulfilling of our deepest humanity under God.

In terms of religious moral theory, these are highly significant issues. They stand on the boundary of theological questions: What kinds of sexuality are most pleasing to God?

And they stand on the boundary of thoroughly practical problems: What

kinds of sexuality do we condition our children to accept and approve?

The problem is that these valid questions of religion and moral teachings are being pressed in the area of civil liberties and governmental policy. But religious teaching says that political authorities are not proper moral judges of such questions.

No state is competent to enforce particular interpretations of the will of God. The state has the moral responsibility under God to protect religious communities from interference by outside forces and to allow religious teachings of faith and morals to be openly propagated by proclamation and example.

But the state does not have to make its laws and policies vehicles for the enforcement of faith and morals among the people.

It is certainly true that a genuine religious conscience informs one's politics. But to the religious person, the civil law is not the basic guide or tool of moral rectitude in all areas. The religious community may take some moral cues from the legal minimum, but it cannot enforce the moral maximum through legal coercion.

Closely related is the fact that in our system of episodic democracy, the will of the people is at times sovereign. But it is against religious understandings of democracy to view this as the absolute power of the majority. Religious views of democracy demand that the rights of the majority be constrained by regard for just law and respect for dissenting minorities.

Even if a large majority should oppose homosexuality on religious and moral grounds, religious and moral thought demands the rule of just law in

civil affairs and prevents, in principle, official repression of minorities.

One phony argument sometimes surfaces in debates about minority rights when gay advocates draw parallels between their situation and that of blacks and women in recent decades who have been supported by many ecumenical religious groups. There is no convincing evidence to support the view that homosexuals are a disadvantaged group like Afro-Americans and women. It is surely the case that "being gay" involves an element of moral choice that is different from "being black" or "being female."

Some scholars say that by "nature" everyone is "bisexual." We can have attractions and attachments to either sex. We become heterosexual or homosexual by an intricate mix of nurture, opportunity, and moral decision.

Deciding for a homosexual lifestyle involves dimensions of ethical will that is not present in being black or female.

Nevertheless, the burden of proof in regard to this minority is on those who claim that the behavior of a small segment of the population performing homosexual acts in private between consenting adults is clearly injurious to others or the society as a whole, more injurious than the suspension of civil liberties. Without such proof, deprivation of civil rights is an immoral repression of a minority.

The other area where Ms. Bryant confuses the issues is in regard to children. This confusion is not all hers, however, for there are confusions in the

A theologian looks

looks at gay rights

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Ms. Bryant a regard to not all here

present state of affairs. But we can at least sort out the key questions.

Unjust discriminations in tax laws, mortgage practices, and job security prevent approximations to normal living among gay people. Some people can only find intimacy, mutuality, and affection with same-sexual partners, for whatever reasons. Should religious people, by law, condemn them to isolation with guilt and loneliness, without prospects for sharing and tenderness? And should they be cut off from all contacts with the next generation because they cannot procreate?

These questions come to concrete form in areas where public employment brings adults into direct contact with youth. No serious religious ethics can ignore these practical issues: Should homosexuals be school teachers—in geography if not in sex education? Should homosexuals be social workers in juvenile courts? Counselors in summer camp programs? And what about foster parents and adoption programs?

The problems also show up in questions of public access. Must a landlord who advertises a vacant apartment publicly, rent to a homosexual couple when there are children in the same building?

Questions are complicated here, for we not only run into problems of specific opportunities for sexual activity, but the more subtle problems of "role-modeling," and of the indirect ways in which even geography teachers and neighbors convey a sense of moral values to next generations.

But the antihomosexual forces want more. They

homosexual and heterosexual lifestyles are seen as morally and legally co-equal possibilities, even if most homosexuals have no interest in seducing minors and condemn those who do.

□

Why are the antihomosexual forces so fearful? Do they believe that a visible minority of gay advocates are really likely to overcome the influence of heterosexual drives, teaching, and models in the home, church, neighborhood, and the overwhelming majority of teachers, social workers, and recreation directors?

One answer is that—given the unavoidable crises in the process of reaching sexual maturity—many parents see no reason to present the youth with even more necessities of decision.

Some scholars have suggested that the real problem here is not homosexual acts or attractions or decisions. These occur to large percentages of the population at one or another stage of life. The problem is with those who define human life into categories whereby the religious and moral meaning of human life gets reduced to sexual categories.

The hard-line gay advocates and the hard-line opponents of all homosexual possibility are alike at this point. Often both have the stereotyped ideas of what a male or a female "is." Indeed, some of the anguish of homosexuals is that they honestly do not experience themselves as John Waynes or Brigitte Bardots, even though large sections of our

The intensity of reaction to homosexuals probably reveals a deep sexual ambivalence about our masculinity and femininity once popular cultural images are challenged. And some very religious people have falsely identified cultural sex roles with religious truth. Many of the crises about homosexuality will not be resolved until there is a fundamental change in our sex-role stereotyping.

But this does not relieve us of the responsibility of defining, in our religious communities, the morality of homosexuality.

In most of the major church bodies, the question of homosexuality is being debated anew with vigor and intensity. Should homosexuals be ordained? Are there normative patterns of Christian marriage that exclude some or all kinds of homosexual patterns? Should specific ministries to gay communities be developed, and if so, on what terms? Do these questions represent some sort of spiritual and moral crisis of modern humanity and civilization? And what is the role of individual conscience in relation to church discipline?

In these debates, Biblical texts, traditional teachings, the power of persuasion and example, of conversion and repentance, of holiness unto perfection, count. In religious groups, it may successfully be argued that the ultimate spiritual meaning and moral quality of human sexuality is more to be fulfilled in deep and lasting heterosexual relations than in homosexual ones.

Protestants and Catholics may debate whether celibacy is more pleasing to God than heterosexual marriage, but both agree with the Biblical traditions that homosexuality is, at least, a subordinate possibility.

Ms. Bryant and her constituency should fight their battles in these arenas. These are proper contexts to debate the issues in her terms. And she and her followers have strong arguments within those boundaries.

In terms of most forms of religious ethics, homosexuality is less than the ideal of righteous human sexuality and of holiness. Success in this arena with the overcoming of sexual stereotyping and development of effective ministries would have long-range social consequences of lasting importance.

But there are no shortcuts. And to turn the matter into denials of civil liberties and control of such behavior by denial of citizenship privileges and police action is to betray religious and ethical views of human and civil rights.

Max T. Stockhouse is professor of

For to you is born a Savior

ADVENT & CHRIST/MASSTIDE A.D. 1982

33 Bridge Street, Hamilton, MA 01936



Dear Sisters and Brothers in Christ, Jesus,

This Yuletide letter to you all is a very difficult one to pen as I really wish to share some of my difficulties in living with myself and with my fellow travelers on this planet, especially as we enter the season of great joy, and supposedly a

period in which we are to think of that peace which the Christ child has brought.

In order to purify my thought^t patterns (and yours) I will share a prayer:

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER TO ALL IN CHRIST

You lead me, Jesus Christ, to thoughts of God.
I see you in a manger carved from a tree.
I see you as a young man with hands that reach
to touch hearts that hurt.
Your caring reaches out like the strong and kind
branches of a gentle tree reach out to invite
road-weary and travel-worn wayfarers to quiet rest.

I see you again hanging on a tree with outstretched arms
taking in the whole world.
From your cross, you show me that God (Yahweh) will stop
at nothing to save my soul and yours.
So, I celebrate God's Love today as I celebrate your
birth around a twinkling Christmas tree.

I pray my life, like yours, O Lord, may be tall and
upright as a pine tree pointing, reaching, sharing,
sparkling, life-giving; solid, sturdy, strong and
rooted in God's love - a beautiful soul,
EVERGREEN FOREVER. AMEN

I must say, candidly, that I have seen more soiled souls and lives this past year than solid and sparkling examples of God's lifegiving love. When a person, like myself, reaches the point of cancer and the Omega, one immediately sees the "conning" powers in each one of us and truly how "we use each other" and what REAL SIN is all about. Each one of us have sinned with intensity (looking out for #1 on

the 'hit' parade.)

I hate to write such a letter to all those I love so dearly, but I have a deep obligation to myself and to you "to call it as it is" so that we may grow together in PEACE.

Together, let us move up to this season, this Holy Season, with thanks that God is sending a REAL message to this planet this year. Yahweh's message to our BEING is: "STOP IN THE NAME OF LOVE" or else! And, "thank God, the Almighty, that He sent His Son to this "fragile planet" to save and redeem us from ourselves!

we must(somehow) agree that this planet is in the worse mess ever in the history of humankind. Let's face it - it is! Therefore, the obligation each one of us have for one another has changed if we intend to "make our Love real".

I said to the doctors (the radiologists and technicians) that minister to me, that it won't be the Cancer that will kill me, but PEOPLE! And that, in part, is true!

The message that you see before you, on paper, is a real fact in my battle with cancer. PEOPLE can be the answer to God's wishes for the planet. We, together, are that force, so as I hear the radiation go on each day at Salem Hospital I say the following: "In Christ there is no East or West, in Him no North nor South, but one Grand Fellowship of LOVE throughout the whole wide Earth." YES, Jesus the Christ IS RISEN, Indeed. He is Risen by our Deeds of Mercy, Love and Truth!

Joy has Come to the planet, Let us Rejoice
and be Glad, always, for His Presence!

P.S. NO MX MISSILES NEED
APPLY HERE!

Maranatha, "Come, Lord, Quickly, Come"!

Agape, "Go Forth to Serve
the Lord, your Savior"!

John Richard Penney (Dick)

Much Love, Always!

P.O. Box 38

So. Tamworth, NH 03883

February 6, 1983

(603) 323-8738

Rev. Marge Ragona

MCC of Boston

131 Cambridge Street

Boston, MA 02114

Dear Marge,

This is a letter of apology, for I spoke out of turn. When reading the material which you obtained for me so many months ago, I was angered. I don't know what your background is, so I don't know if you can understand my feelings or not. My church background is quite varied. By the time I was in junior high, my parents had exposed us, for at least a year each, to Religious Society of Friends (Quakers), Baptists, Ethical Society, and the Unitarians. With a father who is also homosexual, I was reared with a strong distrust of the institutional church, particularly "high" church with its centralized authority and unchanging liturgy. At the same time I was reared with a knowledge of deep religious need.

My experiences with the structure and politics of the institutional church (and the MCC looks too much like the others for me not to worry) often leaves me worried that there is no room left for God to work the Gospel of love within denominational structures. Although I know

myself called to God's service, I've had serious and painful struggles as to whether such service could possibly be carried out within the structure of the institutional church.

To work with a church as highly liturgical and centralized as the MCC was not something I was prepared to accept all those months ago. Instead^{at} I simply told God that if S/He had no place for me, I would manage on my own. That wasn't working either. As I re-opened myself to God, I found myself called to attend the local church, which happens to be Episcopal. Much to my surprise, I've discovered the liturgy speaks to me. I've been warmly received there by most of the people, even tho my lesbian lifestyle is public knowledge and comes up anytime someone asks me about my background. I've been trying to find where God wants me, for I don't really think it's in the Episcopal priesthood, and I was led to re-write you.

I don't know if there is any place for me within the MCC, but I'm trying to stay open to God's leadings. I also don't know what sort of outreach the MCC could have up here, where almost all gay men and women are in the closet. But if I am called to be the agent of that outreach, then I trust the ways will open.

I would greatly appreciate it if you could take the time to drop me a postcard and let me know the name and address of the district coordinator. Thank you very much.

Peace,

Nancy Moore

P.O. Box 38
So. Tamworth, NH 03883
May 1, 1982
(603) 323-8738

Dear Marge,

This is the third try at a letter in response to the MCC info we received from California. The information packet was very disappointing. I have held onto the "knowledge" that if Friends utterly refused to let me minister among them, I could always join the MCC. After all, it has always advertised itself as a very inclusive church. I find this not to be the case. I guess really I always knew it wasn't the case, but I had hoped I was wrong. From reading the literature, I find I wasn't.

There is a group of us who follow, or at least attempted to, Jesus of Nazareth and his teachings, but who are non-credal^{mon-unitarian} and non-sacramental. We have, many of us, very strong theological and historical reasons for believing that credes and physical sacraments, if not actually counter-productive to discipleship, are certainly unnecessary and useless. Luisa and I, as ~~followers~~ convinced Friends, certainly fall into this group. Our friend Judy, as a Unitarian/Universalist also falls into this group. For us, and many agnostic gay people who might come to worship with us as seekers, the MCC liturgy is not only unsupportive, but becomes a real problem. Of the handful of gay people up here whom we know personally, there isn't one of them who finds the Eucharist to be the center of their personal or corporate worship experience. For most of that handful the celebration of the bread and wine would keep them from coming.

You suggest we come down to the District Meeting with ten or more signatures of people willing to support with money and participation an MCC congregation. A - we don't personally know 10 gay people up here. This is not Boston. There are not bars, baths, or support groups. There aren't even any feminist support groups that we know of. B - we're not at all convinced that the MCC will meet either the spiritual needs or the

pastoral needs of the ~~the~~ people up here. How can I ask others to commit themselves to something I'm not yet ready to commit myself to? I'm committed to ministry; I'm simply not at all sure that the MCC will be a vehicle which will help me to do that.

On top of all my other questions, I look at the ordination procedure and am floored. From all appearances, no credit is given for an MDiv degree. It looks as if I would start at the same point in the process as a nineteen year old kid with a little bit of college, totally ignoring the fact that I've done the exams in church history, bible, theology, church management. I've worked thru the problem of being lesbian and Christian. I've done the research paper. I've had a pastoral internship. I've worked as a student chaplain in a psychiatric hospital. I've been counselling homosexual people for two years. According to what I understand the clergy manual to say, all that counts for nothing because it wasn't done under MCC auspices. Coming from a congregational background, this sort of centralized authority makes little sense. What works in New York or Boston or San Francisco will probably not work in the Mount Washington valley, where if you call the cops about a threatening phone call, ~~the~~ your boss shows up at your elbow the next morning and wants to know the particulars and the postmaster asks the same question when you go to pick up your mail, as does the clerk at the corner store and the person at the gas station. If the family car is parked someplace people aren't used to seeing it, they call up your parents and ask them what it was doing there. Everybody lives in a glass house and everyone is a voyeur.

There are a great many people up here, I am sure, who need ministry. I have no need for them to be Christian, or religious in any sense. I am not an evangelist. My commission, as I understand it, is

to heal the sick, feed the ~~poor~~ hungry, clothe the poor, visit those who are sick or in prison and otherwise make the love of God a physical reality to those who suffer.

In the Jewish and Quaker tradition, I will be happy to wrangle over theological issues, but a person's theology is not my basic concern. Neither, in any real sense, is their spiritual salvation, as it is normally thought of, my concern. That is between them and God. Providing ~~for~~ worship services to those for whom that is valuable is fine and is something I would find meaningful, but again, it is not the central area of what I understand my ministry to be. From what I've seen in my guest preaching at Princeton MCC, Troy Perry's autobiography, and this latest material, my understanding of ministry and discipleship is not compatible with the MCC's understanding.

However, as I said in the messages I left at your house when I phoned last weekend, I would like to talk to you and Troy Perry to see if my understanding of the MCC is more narrow than the MCC is, in fact. If my understanding is correct, I would still like to talk with you ^{two} to get information about the legal aspects of starting a denomination, etc. Obviously it is difficult, if not impossible, for one denomination to be all things to all people. If there is a need to have another denomination to reach those of us on the "radical fringes of protestantism" you people could certainly be a wealth of information to help us know how to get started. I would also like to talk with your friend Larry to find out how the gay Jewish groups have organized. I expect the Jewish congregational organizational would be closer to our understanding of structure than the MCC. As Quakers we're in sort of a strange position. We're too Jewish to be comfortable in the mainstream of Christian practise. But we're too Christian to be Jewish.

Hopefully this letter will clarify to some extent where I'm coming from and what I'm seeking. I hope I don't sound arrogant, because I don't mean to. It's just that I went thru UTS always having to defend my theological beliefs and understandings because they were not orthodox. I have a fairly good idea of what is important to me and why, more so I think than those who have never questioned the credes, Christology, ecclesiology, and theology of their particular traditions, and who have never had to. As Quakers, we were forced to understand what we believed, because within our tradition, the spirit of God within the individual is the Authority for individual belief and action — not the Church or Scripture.

I look forward to hearing from you soon.

In Peace,

Nancy Moore

A Tale of Two Cities

Both Boston, where it's the best of times and the worst of times

The streets of its rich residential heart, Back Bay and Beacon Hill, are shady and civilized, block after block of stately 19th century town houses. The symphony and principal museum are among the world's best. Fine colleges help make the city an enormous intellectual hot tub, at once invigorating and smug. Now Boston's boosters can brag about more than old-shoe gentility: over the past decade a decrepit waterfront district has been intelligently transformed into a swank commercial and residential quarter whose centerpiece, the Faneuil Hall-Quincy Market showplace, draws natives and tourists by the millions. At the other end of downtown, \$400 million is going into the big Copley Place development, which will include hotels, shops and convention facilities.

But while some high-profile parts of the city are burgeoning, a lot of the rest is coming apart at the seams. A record-setting rampage of arson has beset Boston this summer, especially in its poor neighborhoods. The fires could not have come at a worse time: 469 of the city's 2,039 fire fighters (and 1,941 other municipal workers) have been laid off during a two-year fiscal crisis. Racism is singularly virulent and regularly violent. After eight years of court-ordered busing, the proportion of whites enrolled in the city's public schools has dropped from 57% to 32%. Shrewd, mercurial Kevin White, 52, mayor for the past 15 years, loves to say that Boston is "the livable city." But one thoughtful police force veteran says, "The poor neighborhoods are being forgotten. What city hall sees is downtown, period."

During the past five years, tens of thousands of new jobs were created in Boston; apparently most have gone to engineers, lawyers, computer technicians, managers and other upwardly mobile residents. The same sleek "gentry" have taken apartments and houses in once *déclassé* areas, displacing poor and working-class Bostonians. In Jamaica Plain, one of the city's most integrated neighborhoods (53% white, 25% Hispanic), the influx of moneyed young professionals since 1979 has quintupled the price of some houses and pushed up rents as much as 70%. M.I.T. Urban Studies Assistant Professor Yohel Camayd-Freixas claims that more than a quarter of the area's Hispanic residents have thus been forced out. Residents of other traditionally ethnic neighborhoods, notably the South End (60% nonwhite), the North End and East Boston (Italian), worry about the same creeping dislocation. To Mayor White, however, it is unambiguously "a good thing that richer, professional people are moving in, buying condos. Most neighborhoods are whipped right now."



In gentrifying Jamaica Plain, an arson-gutted office building
Firebugs run amuck; racial assaults and festering poverty.

If ballooning housing costs do not drive out longtime residents, the arson epidemic may. Almost two buildings are being torched a night, on average, and one in five Boston fires is set deliberately, twice the 1979 rate. Since June 11, when 101 fires were reported in twelve hours, arsonists have caused \$5 million in damage. Jim Coakley is one of 16 firemen on a special roving arson squad that includes police and federal agents. "It could be anything," he says. "Profit, vandalism, imitation... Some of it is because kids decide to set a fire and get some excitement."

It is youths who carry out most of the racial attacks. An incident two weeks ago was all too typical. Delvine Okereke, 32, a black city planner, was driving through white, middle-class West Roxbury. When she asked some white youngsters for directions, they threatened to kill her if she moved into the neighborhood. They then painted racist graffiti on the house where

Okereke was headed. Last week a judge issued an extraordinary injunction to curb one squad of racist punks in the Hyde Park section. The eight white men, ages 18 to 24, have for several years terrorized the few neighborhood blacks, taunting and menacing them and vandalizing their cars. The gang members now face immediate jailing if caught at such hooliganism again, or if they even gather near the black families' homes.

According to City Councilman Ray Flynn, a South Boston native, "class discrimination is far greater than racial discrimination." In fact, white South Boston and black Roxbury are almost identically impoverished, with median household incomes of \$7,300 and \$7,500 respectively. (For the Back Bay-Beacon Hill area the figure is \$16,000.) "One neighborhood thinks the other is getting a larger piece of the pie," Flynn says. "In reality, nobody is getting any pie. The upshot is great frustration and animosity." He and Camayd-Freixas agree that none of Boston's poor—white, black and Hispanic—are fairly sharing in the prosperity of downtown redevelopment.

A recent study by Brookings Institution in Washington, D.C., found Boston to be among the nine U.S. cities most seriously in decline.* Brookings cited Boston's crime and unemployment, decaying housing stock, entrenched poverty and mounting municipal debt. "Nevertheless," the report said, "many people consider Boston a very attractive city with excellent cultural, educational and environmental amenities." But for neighborhoods full of less blessed Bostonians, angry or hopeless or both, those Athenian amenities are merely reminders of their own distress. —By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Joelle Attinger/Boston

*The others are Cambridge, Mass., Cleveland, Dayton, Hartford, Las Vegas and three New Jersey cities: Jersey City, Paterson and Trenton.



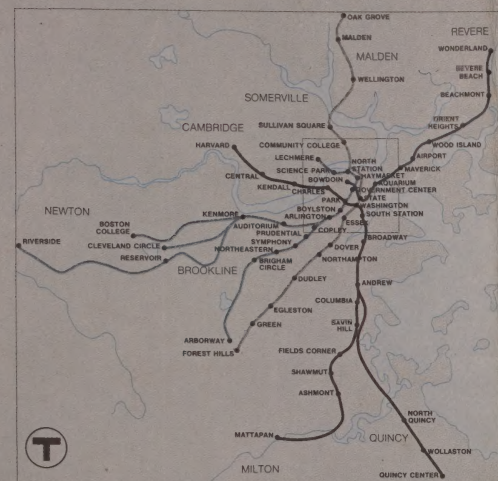
A glistening new dawn: part of the handsomely renovated waterfront district

Boston

A Unique City

Boston exemplifies many aspects of America's heritage. Its citizens are a perpetual fountain of individualism. Its scholars and statesmen have profoundly influenced the life of the city and the Nation.

Buildings like people change and evolve. Boston is famous for its adaptive use of old structures. The old Quincy Market, the Waterfront, and Charlestown Navy Yard are being renovated for a variety of community, commercial, and leisure uses. The marriage of historic preservation and economic revitalization has created a skyline of contrasts: modern skyscrapers and the Government Center view with the steeple of the Old North Church and clock tower of the Customs House. Architectural and cultural diversity is the essence of Boston.



Rapid Transit System

Entrance/exit for Rapid Transit station on map at right.

Most transit stations are named for the streets, landmarks, or squares at which the stop is located. Stations are usually marked with large signs bearing the transit system logo.

Exact change is required, although change is available at stations where turnstiles operate. The rapid transit system operates from 6 a.m. to midnight.

Historic Boston

0 5 Kilometer (Scale for map at right)
0 5 Mile

- Freedom Trail
- Parking
- Information
- Black Heritage Site
- Bus (route not on map; see below)
- Public Restrooms

The **Freedom Trail** is a walking tour of Boston's major historic sites and structures. A red line marked on the sidewalk directs you from site to site. Begin your walking tour at any point, but if you desire to take the whole tour, plan an entire day for the three-mile round trip.

The **Black Heritage Sites** explore the history of Boston's black community. The first blacks came to Boston in 1638 as slaves. During the Revolution black Bostonians were active on both sides. In 1783, the year the war ended, the Massachusetts Supreme Court abolished slavery in the State. Over the next 20 years many blacks settled on the north side of Beacon Hill. A black and silver logo marks important sites.

Parking is plentiful in downtown Boston, and the best way to see the city is on foot. Leave your car in one of the

public or private parking lots. All charge a fee.

Bus transportation is available to take you to some of the more distant sites. A shuttle bus runs between the Boston Tea Party Ship and downtown. Pick up the bus on the Devonshire Street side of the Old State House or the Commercial Street side of Faneuil Hall. To reach the Charlestown sites, take MBTA buses 93 or 111 to City Square, a short walk from Bunker Hill and the Navy Yard. To return from Charlestown, take any bus labelled "Downtown."

Information concerning Boston and the Freedom Trail can be obtained at the kiosk on Boston Common, at the Park visitor center, and at Charlestown Navy Yard. The visitor center in downtown Boston is operated by the National Park Service. The Greater Boston Convention and Tourist Bureau's

Foreign Visitor Center is also located at 15 State Street. The visitor center contains exhibits of historical sites and a free audio-visual show to orient you to the Park and greater Boston.

Restrooms are available at the public sites shown on the map. In addition, many commercial buildings have restrooms.

As you walk the Freedom Trail, enjoy the diverse neighborhoods that contribute to the city's uniqueness: the Italian neighborhood in the North End, the "Old Boston" neighborhood at Beacon Hill, and the Irish community in Charlestown. Park visitors can best enjoy the city by walking or riding the public transportation system to its museums, theaters, concerts, and shops.

National Historical Park Massachusetts

A Unique Park

The park is a confederation of historical and cultural resources, each having its own historical association and significance. All relate to the American ideals of freedom of speech, religion, government, and self-determination.

The park complex is unique in that only two of the sites, the Charlestown Navy Yard and Bunker Hill Monument, are owned by the Federal Government. The others—the Paul Revere House, the Old North Church, the Old State House, the Old South Meeting House, and Faneuil Hall—are privately or municipally owned and managed. Hence the creation of Boston National Historical Park signifies a new kind of park management, in which the resources of Federal, State, city, and private organizations

National Park Service U.S. Department of the Interior

are combined in a cooperative relationship. Responsibilities, costs, and technical assistance are shared among all parties.

These historic sites are connected by the Freedom Trail. Recognized as a National Recreation Trail, the three-mile long trail is a walking tour of 16 sites and structures of historic importance in downtown Boston and Charlestown.



John R. Coyle
17 Tewksbury Street
Winthrop, MA 02152
(617) 846-6586

Objective: Administrative Management: where demonstrated skills in the organization and planning of new and innovative programs and systems, persuasive communications and innovative problem solving will result in efficiency and cost savings.

Areas of Application:

Public Relations • Interdepartmental Communications • Human Relations
Private Foundations Coordinator • Community and Public Affairs
General Administration

Qualified by:

Extensive experience in administrative functions include:

Program development
Projects facilitator
Conceptualizing and strategizing
Presentations to groups of 50 to 500
Financial administration and counseling
Inventory control and distribution
Customer relations
Auditing and accounting
Departmental supervision

Evidence of Effectiveness:

Reorganized the accounting procedures for an institution with highly complex sources of income. Duties involved the selection of E.D.P. systems, training of staff and maintenance of controls.

Articulated policy governing the investment of capital funds in excess of \$70 million.

Allocated \$3.5 million annually throughout the United States and Canada according to detailed instruments governing use and distribution.

Administered institutional loan funds and grants in 35 states and Canadian provinces amounting to \$1.5 million entailing familiarity with local regulations governing the transfer of real estate.

Planned and presented the financial details of annual meetings on state and national levels throughout the United States and Canada.

Successful fund raising in the United States and Canada for non-profit organizations.

Negotiated the establishment of a Senior Citizens Drop-In Center with a municipal, state and federal funding.

Organized a counseling center in a community with a population of 75,000 where such a facility was non-existent and needed.

Experience:

Pastor/Administrator of progressively larger churches in West Paris, ME; Houlton, ME; and East Weymouth, MA
(1974-present)

Asistant Treasurer, Controller of Funds
Unitarian Universalist Association, Boston, MA
(1972-1974)

Pre-professional experiences in insurance industry
(1965-1972)

Education:

18 credits toward doctorate in Clinical Psychology, Andover Newton Theological School, Newton, MA

M. Div., Bangor Theological Seminary, Bangor, ME

B. A. (Communications), Ricker College, Houlton, ME

30 credits (Business and Accounting), Hunter College, NY

Personal:

Age: 34

Health: Excellent

Marge

Here is a letter Tim Micken
sent my way which I plan to
use w/ my sermon. I thought you
might like a copy for your
files

Richard



very comfortable, openly gay life, I have had to go back into the proverbial closet after accepting a position with a large corporation. Sad but true, in this area the attitude toward people of alternate lifestyles is less than tolerant. It is for this reason that your magazine is just what I need—slick, well-written and definitely hot.

"John Doe"

WILD FOR DE WILDE

Talking about gays from the past—there was a guy who was a typical "cute, butch, all-American boy-next-door" type named Brandon de Wilde. In case you can't recall his good-looking face, he played the little brother in the movie *Hud*. He was born in 1943. Truly tragically (for him and for us who know what he might have become), he went on to another incarnation in a car accident in Colorado in 1968. So why don't you do a layout in memorium—preferably in a bathing suit or barechest. Sincerely,

Gary Aschbach
Dallas, TX

According to our sources, Brandon de Wilde was born in 1942 and died in 1972. Nevertheless, his untimely demise left a great big gap in the halls of Hollywood beauty. Even as a child, his acting abilities were almost equal to his stunning good looks—and more than once we've found ourselves calling out "Come back, Shanel!" for reasons unknown. Sorry, no beefcake shots were available, but that mouth is almost obscenely beautiful all by itself. For the record, de Wilde's films were: *The Member of the Wedding*, *Shane*, *Night Passage*, *Blue Denim*, *All Fall Down*, *Hud*, *In Harm's Way*, *Those Calloways*, *The Deserter and Wild in the Sky*.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCES

The following letter came to us from a monk living near a small Midwestern town. Uncertain if these were words of genius or insanity, we spoke to the author over the phone at some length and found him to be lucid, intelligent and very, very interesting. Born and raised in New York, he spent five years as a street hustler, then became involved with helping other hustlers cope with loneliness. Eventually, he took a vow of chastity and joined an Episcopal monastery (despite his open distaste for organized religion), where he devotes his full time to helping others. Our skepticism about maintaining chastity under such circumstances brought the following response: "I just tell them 'Yes, I'm attracted to you and yes, I'd like to fuck you dry. But I won't. Now that that's out of the way, let's relax and talk instead.'" The men/boys he counsels are usually former street hustlers who seek him out—first by mail, later in person. Those of you who would appreciate his help can write to Christopher c/o IN



BRANDON DE WILDE in buckskins as *THE TENDERFOOT* (1964, Walt Disney).

TOUCH. We will forward all letters. We are not publishing his address because, in his own words, "I'm a radical, and the people in this town would like to lynch me." The letter below was edited down from several longer ones with Christopher's permission.

Monk means alone. The real monks are the alone ones, who have refused to cop out—who have tried to love and tried again and again. I am more akin to the kids in I.T. than to the clergy. I am enraged by the queens who are homophobics and wear the collar for their own protection. I didn't start here in the woods in a hermitage. I started when I left home and walked Times Square, when I watched the grey flannel faces that walked nowhere, when on a New Year's night I heard Willy scream "Fuck God!" and I knew it was prayer.

I had met Willy before. He was 16 and in those days there wasn't anyone who believed there was gay and straight—just faggots and queers. I met Willy with blood on his face, standing at a church door near Broadway—blood all over his face. The greasers got him—got him good. The blond hair was matted with blood and the white shirt (then the sign of the hustler) was caked in New York dust. I heard the Irish lady at the door say, "We don't want your kind here." I

wasn't more than 20. It was way back then. Late Fifties.

I waited for Willy to walk down the grey steps to the street and I hugged him and said, "Come on, buddy—we gotta clean you up." He came with me—we used to go with strangers; it was not new. I remember Willy in the night, crying his heart out. Religious language: the whores get to heaven before the straights or the clergy.

My own life went from New York to wherever, then Viet Nam... but life is trustworthy and I ended up here in Nazi-land, and for years I was alone. But in the old days, not only the hermits were in the woods—so were the outlaws. I knew when it was time, the Willies would come. When they needed—when they had to cry.

That's 20 years ago. Here is an old fart who did not cop out. I reject the clubs of religion and of state. These are the enemy. Loving Willy is loving every kid in I.T. and everywhere and those who love them. Sometimes I spend nights fighting for their lives. They are all Willy. You. Me. It is all one. To those who are so hurt that the "church" label bothers them, well, there will always be labels if there is the money—for church or for organized crime. Sure, nine tenths is bullshit. It is the one tenth that is precious, that speaks of the grandeur of

Life—often manifested in the faces and smiles and needs of the young men in I.T.

Heavy stuff for I.T.? I dunno. Seems to me there is nothing, *nothing* more heavy or profound than the photos of these young men of beauty. They know and I know that beauty is dangerous, that people will lie to them, that few can be trusted to be there when they need them. These guys know the skin goes—and someday there is a good chance of being alone. But damn it—these kids *risk*. Risk that someone out there will do more than want or need—that someone will *care*. They say, "Look! Look at my beauty. Get a hard-on, fuck a fence hole, stick it in a pencil sharpener—but look at my beauty and tell me one way or another I am O.K." Hell, we all want that. It is human. The men in I.T. (and those who run it) know something the straights do not know. That to grow—to become and keep becoming human—risk is necessary. The guys in I.T. and the readers—all need I.T. to remember in an ice-age that someone, somewhere, will care.

Maybe we do not know we are O.K. because of the churches, the politicians, the parents (not all) and the rednecks (all of them!). Maybe we need not so much to be activists but rather to become who we are *called* to become, what we are in potential. It is a straight game to think there is another morality other than Love. That is very straight. They call it politics. I think we have bought their shit. A kid in I.T. knows things Ronnie and Bonzo will never know. It has to do with pain, and going through it and becoming wise. It has to do with living. With passion and then compassion. Bonzo just cannot know. Ronnie won't either. But we could—if we dared.

I hear the cries of despair. My hermitage is loaded with the demons of violence and self-hate. Once, long ago, I thought we would pay the dues to be heroes. I wonder now. I am looking for the flowers and I see only desert. Where have the flowers gone?... I have seen more love on the street than in the churches.

But I have not forgotten Willy. And I wanted to tell you, Willy, I love you. Simple. Peace,

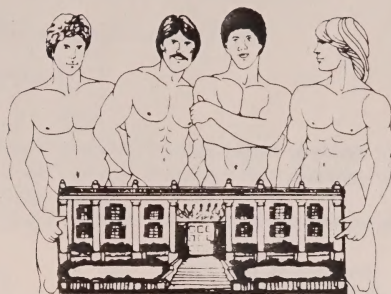
Christopher, O.M.

COMING OUT

This is my first letter to your mag. I'm a new reader. So far I have read #75 and #76. I am really impressed... I'm 24 and just coming out. I would like to tell other men just coming out (and some who have been out for a while) about a book I have just finished reading. The title is *Coming Out Right* by Wes Muchmore and William Hanson. This book has a lot to say and is very helpful. I think it should be read by all gay men. Right now I am living in Florida. This fall I hope to

(continued on page 80)

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Key West Tan Waterproof Gel;
4 oz. \$4.50; 8 oz. \$7.50
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Key West Tan Tan Oil;
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WITH
SPECIAL
THANKS

*"Gratitude
is a smile
in the heart."*



150TU 2-9

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Dear Marge,

My new oven
is such a joy
and makes life
much easier and
less complicated.

Thank you for helping
to make it possible.

Fondly
Paula

Especially to say
what I hope you know--
I'm much more grateful
than words can show.

UNIVERSAL FELLOWSHIP OF METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCHES
5300 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 304, Los Angeles, CA 90029

PROFESSIONAL MINISTRY EVALUATION FORM

Applicant's Name: Leslie Phillips

Date: 3/13/83

I. Evaluator's relationship to Applicant (check one)

(Evaluations are required from each appropriate source listed.)

(Applicants may apply for license as a minister even if they do not receive affirmative recommendations from the evaluators)

- ☐ Self
☐ Board of Directors (where applicant is member)
☐ Board of Directors (where applicant serves, if different)
☒ Pastor
☐ Former Pastor (if Pastor has changed in last three months)
☐ Other
☐ District Coordinator (if for re-license)
☐ Reference from former Denomination (if transferring)

II. Rate the applicant from 1 to 5 for each category below, (1 is the highest or best rating and 5 is the lowest or worst rating) by placing an X in the appropriate column. If you feel there is insufficient information, or if a category does not apply to the applicant being rated, place an X under UE (unable to evaluate). On an attached piece of paper, feel free to make a comment on any rating.

A. Personal Awareness

	1	2	3	4	5	UE
Dependability			X			
Creativity			X			
Adaptability			X			
Resourcefulness	X					
* Ability to say "no"	X					
Feeling of acceptance:						
1. by congregation			X			
2. by community			X			
Capacity to deal with:						
* 1. anger			X			
* 2. authority				X		
* 3. ambiguity, ability to live with				X		
4. new ideas		X				
5. conflicts			X			
* 6. alternate lifestyles	X					
7. differing points of view			X			
Self Control						
* 1. chemical dependency	X					
2. confidentiality	X					
3. time management	X					
4. financial management	X					
* 5. positive health habits	X					
6. emotional stability			X			

Self

1. reliance
 2. acceptance
 3. initiative
 4. criticism

	1	2	3	4	5	UE
1. reliance	X					
2. acceptance		X				
3. initiative				X		
4. criticism				X		

B. Ministry

Worship

1. preparation
 2. delivery
 * 3. flexibility
 4. preaching
 5. communion
 a. serving
 b. consecration

	1	2	3	4	5	UE
1. preparation		X				
2. delivery		X				
* 3. flexibility			X			
4. preaching		X				
5. communion						
a. serving		X				
b. consecration		X				

Serving

1. attitude
 2. followthrough
 3. ability to relate to others
 4. concern for others
 5. ability to communicate

	1	2	3	4	5	UE
1. attitude			X			
2. followthrough	X					
3. ability to relate to others			X			
4. concern for others			X			
5. ability to communicate	X					

Particular responsibilities:

1. _____
 2. _____

* Clarification of Terminology: For me, 3 would be average for UCC ministers.
MPC

Ability to say "no" - confident and forceful enough to give a negative response when doing so is indicated and best

Anger - comfortable in expressing one's own anger or handling anger expressed by others

METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH
of Boston
131 Cambridge Street
Boston MA 02114

Rev. Marge Ragona, Pastor



(617) 523-7664

March 16, 1983

Rev. Larry Uhrig, Chair
Clergy Credentials and Concerns Committee
c/o MCC Washington
Washington, D. C.

Re: Leslie Phillips

Dear Larry and Fellow Clergy:

Leslie has been living in Boston since the school year began in September. Because of her heavy school work load and part-time teaching schedule, Leslie has not been deeply involved with MCC Boston until just recently.

About three months ago, Leslie approached me with the possibility of MCC Boston's Vestry (Board) and pastor assisting in filing her application forms, and not until a little over two months ago that she presented herself for membership in our church, so that this could be done.

For this reason, it is difficult for me to appropriately evaluate Leslie's ability to pastor. I have seen only the tip of the iceberg, and cannot begin to estimate her full potential.

I have known Leslie for a number of years, and have found her to be relatively cooperative, able, and dedicated. My one personal comment from interaction I have had with her is that Leslie is sometimes unnecessarily forceful with me when she is trying to meet her own needs. This has resulted in some strain, and a sense of pressure during this understandably anxious time for Leslie as she prepares for licensing, lest she fall through the cracks because of the transfer from one church to another.

I think Leslie has the potential for ministry. I believe she has some work to do in dealing less strenuously with her coworkers, and I suspect with people who are not as strong-minded or single-purposed as she is.

I commend her to you as a candidate for ministry for prayerful consideration.

Sincerely, in Christ's love,

Rev. Marge Ragona
Pastor, MCC Boston

ENC.
mfr

To: Board of Directors of MCC Boston

From: Leslie Phillips

Re: Approval of transfer of Student Clergy status

As directed by Rev. Ragona, I am requesting approval of my licensure as Student Clergy at MCC Boston, effective immediately upon the completion of formalities necessary to transfer my membership to this congregation. It is necessary that the action requested herein be taken as soon as possible, as it is my intent to be appearing before the District Review Committee for clergy licensure at the April 1983 Northeast District Conference. A recent resume is attached to this memorandum for your reference.

Leslie Phillips

January 9, 1983

RESUME

LESLIE R. PHILLIPS

Born: July 18, 1945

Residence: ~~1420 Locust Street, Suite 33-F~~ *1643 Cambridge St., #52*
~~Philadelphia, Pa. 19102~~ *Cambridge, Mass. 02139*

Telephone: ~~(215) 546-5730~~ *617-492-8001*

EDUCATIONAL BACKGROUND:

- 1963-1967: University of Pennsylvania (A.B., 1967)
Graduated with Honors in Mathematics & Economics
- 1967-1968: New York University -- Completed year of
course work in Graduate Department of Economics
- 1968-1971: University of Pennsylvania (J.D., 1971)
Selected for Editorial Board of Law Review

SECULAR EMPLOYMENT EXPERIENCE:

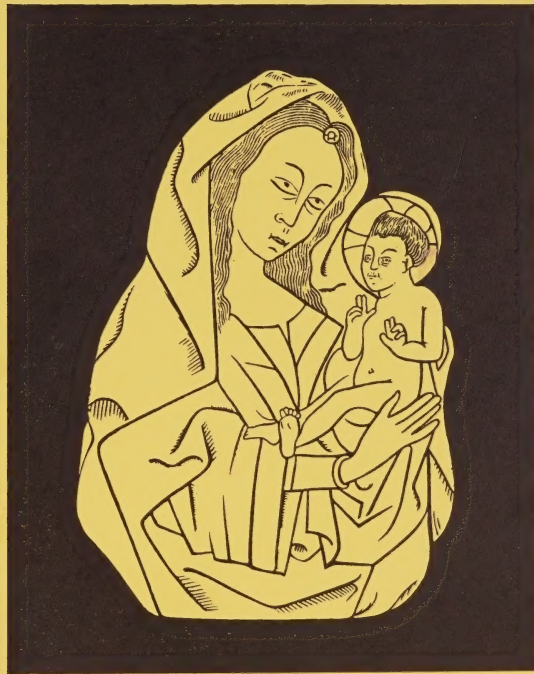
- 1967-1970: Computer Programmer and Mathematical Analyst
- 1971-1974: Associate with major Philadelphia law firm
- 1974-1975: Law Fellow, The American Law Institute
- 1975-1976: Secondary Teacher, Philadelphia public schools
- 1975-¹⁹⁸²present: Attorney in private law practice

CHURCH EXPERIENCE:

- 1975-1979: Unitarian Church of Delaware County (Pa.)
Pulpit Supply & Social Concerns Chairperson
- ¹⁹⁸²1978-present: Metropolitan Community Church of Philadelphia
Board of Directors & Stewardship Chair (1979-1981)
Exhorter Candidate (November 1980 - February 1981)
Exhorter/Student Clergy person (since March 1981)
Alternate Delegate to General Conferences (1979, 1981)
Coordinator, Mid-Atlantic District Conference (1981)
Appointed by Board of Elders to UFMCC Media Committee
Mid-Atlantic District representative to Commission on Faith,
Fellowship and Order

COMMUNITY AND CIVIC INVOLVEMENT:

- Member, Pennsylvania Council for Sexual Minorities (since 1978)
- Fellowship Commission of Phila. Committee on Community Tensions
- Board of Directors, Gay Community Center of Philadelphia (1979-1981)
- Vice-president, Walt Whitman Democratic Club (1980)
- Chapter Legal Counsel, Pennsylvania N.O.W.
- Co-chairperson, Phila. Bar Ass'n Women's Rights Committee
- Member, Phila. Bar Ass'n Civil Rights Committee
- Elected Democratic Committeeperson as openly gay candidate (1980)
- Treasurer and Executive Board, National Association of Gay &
Lesbian Democratic Clubs



From the BRASS to
NICHOLAS ROBERTSON, 1498
in
ALGARKIRK CHURCH
Lincs.

Dear Marge —

Thanks for all you have done.
You have opened up a wonderful
world of love and caring for me,
both personal and churchly.

C.R.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

from

Carl

METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH
of Boston
131 Cambridge Street
Boston MA 02114

Rev. Marge Ragona, Pastor



(617) 523-7664

March 1, 1983

Mr. Charles Legalos
Apt 408
1630 Worcester Road
Framingham, MA. 01701

Dear Charles:

Please forgive the lateness of this response to your request, but herewith for your records:

Received of Mr. Charles Legalos, one collection of professional books (psychology, sociology, etc.) valued at \$2,500, as a contribution to the Metropolitan Community Church for use as pastor's/church library or for resale.

Charles, thanks so much for this gift. It is already making my job easier, since there were books which I claimed for the pastor's library. We will probably sell some of them, and have been seeking buyers.

Again, thanks for your gift, and my apologies for making you wait so long for this receipt.

In Christ's love,

Marjorie F. Ragona
Pastor
Metropolitan Community Church
of Boston

mfr

NO TREES WERE DESTROYED.

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made entirely from reclaimed waste paper.



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Boynton

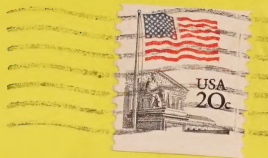
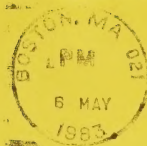
Marge

You've been like a mom to me.
Happy Mother's Day

Love ya

Richard
✱

Creasey
64 Fisher Ave
Boston MA
02120



Marge Ragona
223 Highland Ave
Somerville Ma
02143



9N



HARRISON GRAY OTIS HOUSE
Boston, Massachusetts

The Harrison Gray Otis House, 1796, was designed by Charles Bulfinch in the Federal style for Otis, a prominent lawyer, Congressman, and mayor of Boston. The house contains museum rooms restored to their original splendor and the offices of The Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities. Open to visitors all year.

*Photo by Accent Photography,
Wellesley, Mass.*

P310261

POST CARD

 **Plastichrome**[®]
by COLOURPICTURE
BOSTON, MASS. 02130

HAMILTON HOUSE
South Berwick, Maine

Hamilton House was built in 1785 by a ship owner engaged in trade with the West Indies. Overlooking the tranquil Quamphegan River, the house is set amidst formal gardens and rolling fields. Open to visitors June through September. The Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities, Boston, Mass.

*Photo by Accent Photography,
Wellesley, mass.*

P310260

POST CARD

 **Plastichrome**[®]
by COLOURPICTURE
BOSTON, MASS. 02130

Oct. 3, 1982

To Jim Hayes,

Would you please update the MCC of Boston records to have Gail Vieira re-instated as a member of the church?

Would you also update the records to show a name change from Gail M. Vieira to Gail M. Garthe?

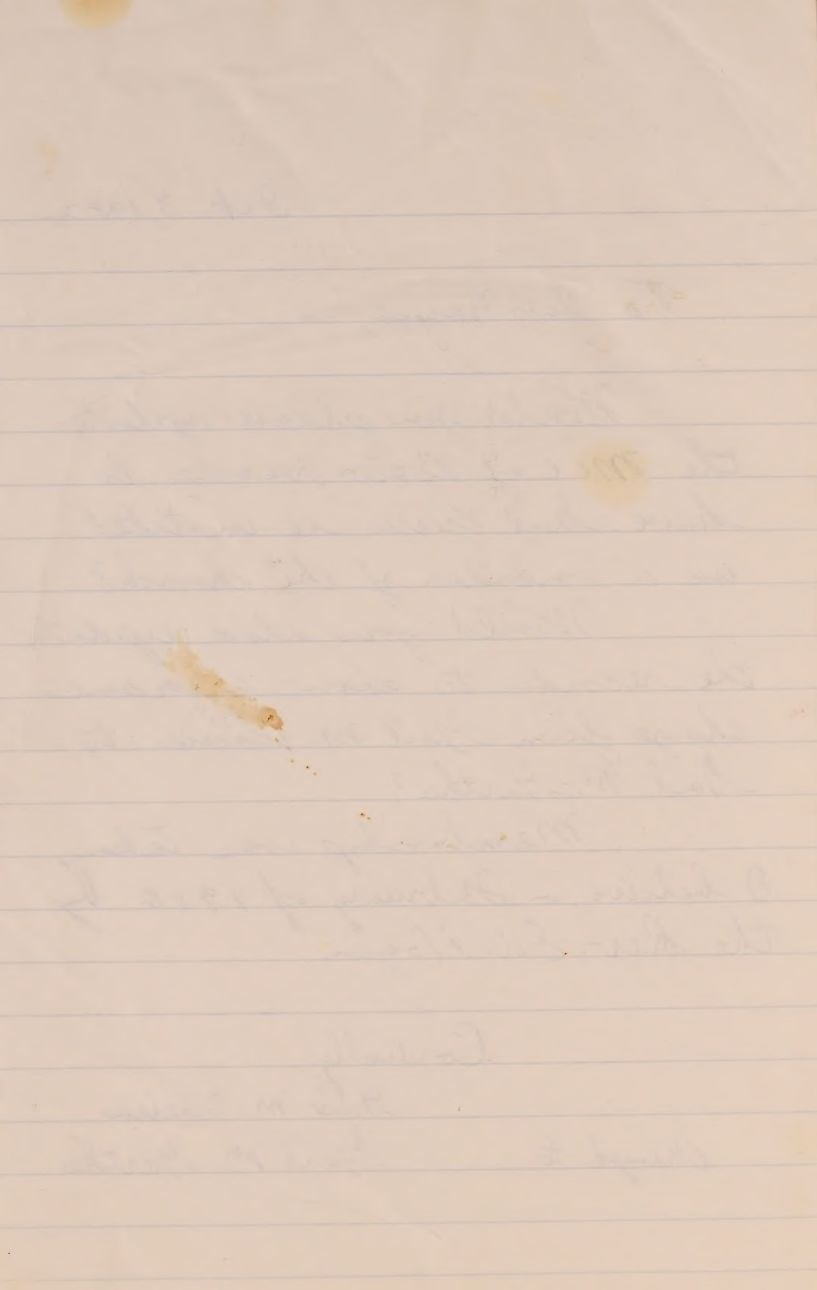
Membership was taken, I believe, in February of 1980 by the Rev. Ed. Hogan.

Cordially

Gail M. Vieira

changed to

Gail M. Garthe



EMPLOYMENT CONTRACT

1 This contract of employment is entered into on this ____ day of ____
2 in the Year of Christ 1981, by and between the Reverend Marjorie Ragona
3 (hereinafter referred to as Pastor) and the Vestry (Board of Directors)
4 of Metropolitan Community Church of Boston, Incorporated (hereinafter
4 referred to as Vestry) on behalf of the congregation of voting members of
6 Metropolitan Community Church of Boston (hereinafter referred to as
7 congregation.

8 The Vestry, acting pursuant to the electoral vote of the congregation
9 duly assembled on April 26, 1981, hereby employs the Reverend Marjorie
10 Ragona as Pastor of Metropolitan Community Church of Boston.

DUTIES

11 The Pastor, in return for periodic compensation as will from time
12 to time be specified by vote of the Vestry and Congregation, will perform
13 the duties of Pastor of Metropolitan Community Church of Boston, as
14 specified in Article V, Section D, Subsection 1 of the By-Laws of the
15 Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches, to wit:

D. LOCAL CHURCH BODIES:

1. PASTOR: The pastor is that person elected by a local church congregation to perform the duties of teacher, preacher, spiritual leader and counselor. The person filling this position must be a licensed or ordained minister in the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches. The pastor of the church body shall have the authority for ordering all religious worship services of the church. The pastor is also to serve as moderator of the local Board of Directors. He/She may participate as an ex-officio member in the activities of any or all of the boards, committees and organizations within the local church. The pastor shall

act as moderator of congregational business meetings. Associate or assistant pastors, other ministerial personnel, uncompensated and compensated personnel shall be appointed by the pastor subject to the approval of the Board of Directors. The pastor shall act as personnel director of the local church staff, shall have the authority to delegate such responsibilities and duties as to him/her seem wise, and shall, with the approval of the Board of Directors, determine compensation, vacation periods and titles of office of the staff.

Pastors may be removed from office only for good and sufficient reasons by a majority vote of the congregation at any special meeting called for that purpose by a three-fourths (¾) vote of the full Board of Directors, or by petition to the Clerk or other officer of the Board of Directors by at least 25% of the members in good standing of the congregation. The pastor must be given written notice of the charges within two (2) weeks. At that time the Pastor goes on inactive status but remains fully compensated until final action by the congregation. The pastor has the right to appear on his/her behalf before a congregational meeting. The action of the congregation is final. If a special meeting is called to remove a pastor the District Coordinator and the Board of Elders must be given notice that such action is being taken. The District Coordinator, in conjunction with the Board of Elders, must send a representative to attend said meeting as an impartial observer. If the pastor is removed the Board of Directors will meet immediately after the meeting with the representative of the District Coordinator and Board of Elders to elect a worship coordinator who will serve until the pulpit is filled. The Board of Directors will confer with the District Coordinator and the Board of Elders of the Fellowship as to available candidates for the office of pastor.

1 and the duties of an ordained minister as specified in Article IV,
2 Section A, Subsection 2(c), to wit:

c. DUTIES: The ordained minister shall be required to shepherd his/her flock, to preach the Gospel as stated in the doctrine of the Universal Fellowship of Metropolitan Community Churches, as set forth in the Articles of Incorporation and By-Laws of the same, to administer the sacraments and to perform the rites of the Church, or to undertake other duly authorized ministries.

3 Furthermore, nothing in these provisions shall prevent the dele-
4 gation of the following duties of Pastor to other persons designated
5 by the Pastor, provided that the prior advice and consent of the Vestry
6 thereto is received:

7 A) The Pastor may delegate the ordering of specific worship
8 services to other persons (such as the possibility of one worship
9 service per month planned and conducted entirely by lay people).
10 However, the Pastor shall retain the overall authority over ordering
11 worship, and shall be responsible for seeing that the regularly
12 scheduled worship services are carried out.

13 B) The Pastor may designate some other individual, including a
14 lay person, to serve as moderator of the Vestry and congregational
15 business meetings. Such designation must be made in writing and
16 approved by either the Vestry or Congregation.

ADDITIONAL DUTIES .

17 A) The Pastor shall serve as principal spokesperson of MCC Boston,
18 and shall be available from time to time to grant interviews to and
19 answer questions from various news media. In the role of principal
20 spokesperson, the Pastor shall represent MCC Boston (in person or by
21 designee) at ecumenical and interfaith events, at events of note within
22 the gay and lesbian community to which MCC Boston is invited to send
23 a representative, and other such occasions as may arise.

24 B) The Pastor shall ensure that a planned, coordinated ministry
25 is maintained of outreach to the non-churched and non-Christian.

26 C) The Pastor shall work an official week of 30 (thirty) hours
27 not including meal breaks. This number of hours may be raised or
28 lowered during the period of this contract only by majority vote of
29 the Vestry or Congregation. On this basis the Pastor shall be re-
30 garded as a full-time employee. For at least six (6) hours of every
31 week the Pastor must announce, before the week begins, a schedule of
32 availability for office hours and counseling. This shall be a period
33 of six (6) hours during the week, not necessarily consecutive, when
34 the Pastor can be reached personally by telephone, and also may con-
35 duct counseling if mutually agreeable between the Pastor and counselee(s).

36 D) Over and above the specified thirty (30) hour week (or other
37 such period of hours as stated according to the herein specified pro-
38 cedure) the Pastor may hold other income-earning positions, as long as

1 they do not conflict with the duties and obligations of Pastor. Any
2 such additional job must be proposed to the Vestry in advance of the
3 start of such outside employment in order that the Vestry may determine
4 by majority vote that the outside job does not prevent the Pastor from
5 effectively carrying out the duties specified herein.

6 E) The Pastor may request transfer to less than full-time status,
7 which must be approved by the Vestry, and by the next regularly
8 scheduled Congregational Meeting if the period of part-time status
9 carries that long. The Vestry and Congregation reserve the right not
10 to grant part-time status if they feel such reduced Pastoral work would
11 be seriously detrimental to the church. Part-time compensation would
12 be determined on an hourly pro rata basis by the Vestry, working from
13 the base full-time pay rate.

COMPENSATION

14 MCC Boston shall pay the Pastor \$600.00 per month. This amount shall
15 be divided into housing allowance and salary. A portion of the housing
16 allowance of \$390.00 shall be issued by check on or before the first
17 Sunday of every month. The remainder of the month's compensation shall
18 be issued in four (4) equal checks on the first four (4) Sundays of the
19 month.

20 In addition, the church may provide the Pastor with a medical/health
21 insurance plan as voted by the Vestry. Depending upon the availability
22 of funds, the church may provide the Pastor with family medical insurance,
23 (to include children and/or lover); a life insurance policy; and a
24 pension/retirement fund contribution.

25 In order to receive compensation, the Pastor shall file with the
26 Clerk of MCC Boston a form on a monthly basis specifying Pastoral
27 duties performed pursuant to the duties outlined in this contract.

28 The church shall grant the Pastor four (4) weeks (twenty - 20 -
29 working days) of paid vacation including four (4) Sundays in every
30 twelve (12) month period following the date of signing this contract.
31 Vacation days must be requested at the regular monthly Vestry meeting
32 preceding the requested vacation dates, and submitted on a form desig-
33 nated by the Vestry. Such request form shall include the Pastor's
34 written delegation as to who will perform the duties of the office of
35 Pastor while the Pastor is on vacation. The Vestry, in its discretion,
36 may refuse to grant more than ten (10) days of consecutive vacation time.
37 All vacation must be taken within the calendar year it is provided, and
38 none will accrue into a following year.

39 The Pastor may take paid sick days off from work; one (1) day is
40 defined as equal to six (6) hours. Sick days shall accrue at the rate
41 of one (1) day for every month of twenty (20) workdays worked. Sick days
42 may accrue to a total maximum of sixty (60). At the discretion of the
43 Vestry, a medical doctor's letter detailing nature and extent of illness
44 may be required before payment of sick day compensation. Sick days shall
45 be listed on the monthly report sheet.

46 The Pastor shall be entitled to 13 (thirteen) of the following
47 possible paid holidays, with choices of holiday to be submitted to the

1 Vestry in advance.

2 Choices include:

- 3 New Year's Day
- 4 Martin Luther King Day
- 5 Washington's Birthday
- 6 Patriot's Day
- 7 Evacuation / Saint Patrick's Day
- 8 One day of Holy Week or Easter Week (excluding worship service)
- 9 Memorial Day
- 10 Bunker Hill Day
- 11 Independence Day
- 12 Labor Day
- 13 Columbus Day
- 14 Veterans' Day
- 15 Thanksgiving (excluding worship service)
- 16 Christmas (excluding worship service)
- 17 Pastor's birthday

18 The Pastor is authorized to attend all General Conferences of UFMCC,
19 District Conferences of the Northeast District of UFMCC, and UFMCC
20 Ministers' Conferences on church time. The church shall pay for the
21 travel and housing expenses of sending the Pastor to such conferences.
22 The Vestry may authorize travel on church time, and payment for, other
23 official UFMCC meetings that may arise, but is not bound to do so.

24 The Vestry, by majority vote, may provide the Pastor with tuition
25 assistance for courses that would assist the Pastor in providing better
26 ministerial service, and with other registration payments or income
27 bonuses as in their discretion may be suitable.

TERM OF OFFICE

28 This contract of employment shall be effective from the above date
29 of signing through the Fall, 1982 Congregational Meeting of MCC Boston,
30 but in no case beyond December 1, 1982. At the Fall, 1982 Congregational
31 Meeting, the Vestry shall recommend by majority vote whether or not to
32 extend the contract for a two (2) year period, and the Congregation shall
33 vote on the extension. Thereafter, every two (2) years votes shall be
34 taken on renewal of the contract.

35 Nothing in this contract shall be construed as contravening
36 Article V, Section D (1) lines 9-28 of UFMCC By-Laws relating to the
37 removal of a Pastor for good and sufficient reason, and this UFMCC
38 By-law shall remain in effect at MCC Boston for the duration of this
39 contract.

40 The Pastor may resign at any time by giving forty (40) days of
41 working days advance notice in writing to a regularly scheduled Vestry
42 meeting. If the Pastor resigns without giving such required term of
43 notice, the Vestry may erd compensation when the Pastor ceases working.

CONTRACT SIGNATURES

CONTRACT OF EMPLOYMENT BY AND BETWEEN The Reverend Marjorie Ragona, PASTOR,
and the VESTRY OF METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH OF BOSTON, INC.

The undersigned parties hereby agree to adhere to the terms of this contract:

The Reverend Marjorie Ragona, Pastor

DATE

James Michael Hayes, Clerk, MCC Boston

DATE

Members of the Vestry of MCC Boston:

UNIVERSAL FELLOWSHIP OF METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCHES
5300 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 304, Los Angeles, CA 90029

PROFESSIONAL MINISTRY EVALUATION FORM

Applicant's Name: Leslie PhillipsDate: 3/13/83

I. Evaluator's relationship to Applicant (check one)

(Evaluations are required from each appropriate source listed.)

(Applicants may apply for license as a minister even if they do not receive affirmative recommendations from the evaluators)

- ☐ Self
☐ Board of Directors (where applicant is member)
☐ Board of Directors (where applicant serves, if different)
☒ Pastor
☐ Former Pastor (if Pastor has changed in last three months)
☐ Other
☐ District Coordinator (if for re-license)
☐ Reference from former Denomination (if transferring)

II. Rate the applicant from 1 to 5 for each category below, (1 is the highest or best rating and 5 is the lowest or worst rating) by placing an X in the appropriate column. If you feel there is insufficient information, or if a category does not apply to the applicant being rated, place an X under UE (unable to evaluate). On an attached piece of paper, feel free to make a comment on any rating.

A. Personal Awareness

	1	2	3	4	5	UE
Dependability			X			
Creativity			X			
Adaptability			X			
Resourcefulness	X					
* Ability to say "no"	X					
Feeling of acceptance:						
1. by congregation			X			
2. by community			X			
Capacity to deal with:						
* 1. anger			X			
* 2. authority				X		
* 3. ambiguity, ability to live with				X		
4. new ideas		X				
5. conflicts			X			
* 6. alternate lifestyles	X					
7. differing points of view			X			
Self Control						
* 1. chemical dependency	X					
2. confidentiality	X					
3. time management	X					
4. financial management	X					
* 5. positive health habits	X					
6. emotional stability			X			

Self

1. reliance
 2. acceptance
 3. initiative
 4. criticism

	1	2	3	4	5	UE
1. reliance	X					
2. acceptance		X				
3. initiative				X		
4. criticism				X		

B. Ministry

Worship

1. preparation
 2. delivery
 * 3. flexibility
 4. preaching
 5. communion
 a. serving
 b. consecration

	1	2	3	4	5	UE
1. preparation		X				
2. delivery		X				
* 3. flexibility			X			
4. preaching		X				
5. communion						
a. serving		X				
b. consecration		X				
Serving						
1. attitude			X			
2. followthrough	X					
3. ability to relate to others			X			
4. concern for others			X			
5. ability to communicate	X					
Particular responsibilities:						
1. _____						
2. _____						

* For me, I would be average for MCC Ministers, me
Clarification of Terminology:

Ability to say "no" - confident and forceful enough to give a negative response when doing so is indicated and best

Anger - comfortable in expressing one's own anger or handling anger expressed by others

Clarification of Terminology (Continued);

Ambiguity - being effective in situations or settings that are unclear or in a state of change

Authority - able to recognize, accept, and gracefully exercise one's own authority and respond in the same manner to the authority of others

Alternative lifestyles - acceptance of and ability to relate to other people who demonstrate a different manner of living

Chemical dependency - need for and involvement with chemical substances such as drugs and alcohol (1 - no need or involvement, 5 - very great need or involvement)

Positive health habits - adequately takes care of physical health and well-being

Flexibility - open to and deals well with new ideas, new concepts, change, and experimentation

III. Personal Written Evaluations (to be attached to this form); Please include, but do not necessarily be limited to, the following areas: future promise, major areas of strength, areas where growth is needed, effect of spousal/lover relationship(s) in the life of the congregation, seriousness of purpose, and any other special concerns regarding the applicant.

For INITIAL LICENSE, all of the following that apply are required:

- ☐ Current Pastor
- ☐ Current Board of Directors where membership is held
- ☐ Current Board of Directors where applicant serves, if different
- ☐ Former Pastor(s) - during past 3 years
- ☐ Former Board(s) of Directors - during past 3 years

For RE-LICENSE, all of the following are required:

- ☐ Current Pastor (if applicant is not senior pastor)
- ☐ Current Board of Directors
- ☐ District Coordinator

For TRANSFER, all of the following are required:

- ☐ Current UFMCC Pastor
- ☐ Current UFMCC Board of Directors
- ☐ Reference from Former Denomination (see Section III C UFMCC B009)

When this form is completed submit it and all attachments in TRIPLICATE to the District Coordinator of the district in which the applicant is applying for license. Deadline for submission is 30 days prior to the meeting of the DRC.

13 February 1983

Dear Rev. Ragona,

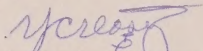
After thoughtful and prayerful consideration I believe God is calling me to ordained ministry. Through being a part of MCC-Boston I have realized that UFMCC would be the denomination in which I could be most effective. It would allow me the freedom to minister while affirming my sexuality. I would, therefore, like to submit myself to you as a candidate for Student Clergy status at MCC-Boston.

As Gay Christians I see ours as a three-fold ministry. We first need to minister to ourselves as Gay Christians, affirming God's love and grace in our lives and being instruments of God's healing power to restore us to wholeness. We then have a responsibility and a privilege to minister to the rest of the Gay community. We are called to be witnesses of God's power to our community and bearers of the Good News. We have the capability of bringing that Good News in a way the Non-Gay Christian Community is not capable. Lastly, we have the call to show the Non-Gay Christian Community the work that God is doing in our lives and work towards healing the break which divides us as Christians. As an MCC minister I would be able to apply my gifts and talents (many which have been of service to MCC-Boston) to an area where God's spirit is sorely needed.

Good Thank you for your time and consideration concerning this matter.

-Service team member.
-Music minister.

Yours in Christ's service,



Richard J. Creasy

St. Mark's-in-the-Gowanus New York, NY.

-Lenten Seasonal team member, Lent 1982.
-Music ministry member.

MCC-Boston

-Teaching study in Luke.
-Lay ministry participation.
-Music ministry participation.

Various

-Traveled with Evangelist John Jones as Gospel Singer.
-Performed as a minister of music for various Christian organizations.
-Three years retail ministry with Lingo God Store: New York and Boston.

13 February 1983

Dear Rev. Parsons,

After thoughtful and prayerful consideration I believe God is calling me to ordained ministry. Through being a part of MCC-Boston I have realized that MCC would be the denomination in which I could be most effective. It would allow me the freedom to minister while affirming my sexuality. I would, therefore, like to submit myself to you as a candidate for student clergy status at MCC-Boston.

As Gay Christians I see ourselves as a three-fold ministry. We first need to minister to ourselves as Gay Christians. Affirming God's love and grace in our lives and being instruments of God's healing power to restore us to wholeness. We then have a responsibility and a privilege to minister to the rest of the gay community. We are called to be witnesses of God's power to our community and members of the God-house. We have the capability of bringing that God-house into the gay community. Last, we have the call to show the non-gay Christian Community the work that God is doing in our lives and work towards healing the deep which divides us as Christians. As an MCC minister I would be able to apply my gifts and talents (many which have been of service to MCC-Boston) to an area where God's spirit is actively present.

Thank you for your time and consideration concerning this matter.

Yours in Christ's service,

Richard J. Birdsey

RICHARD J. CREASY
64 FISHER AVENUE
BOSTON, MA. 02120
617-442-1054

AREAS OF CHRISTIAN SERVICE

Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship

- Small group leader at Brooklyn College, New York.
- Participated on training team for Bible And Life Weekends.
- Ministered at various IVCF coffee-houses.

Cursillo: Episcopal Diocese of New York

- Member of Secratarist - Music Coordinator.
- Team member for four cursillo weekends.

Personal Involvement With Christ (PIC) Brooklyn, NY.

- Adult member for three years.

Good Shepherd Catholic Charismatic Prayer Group Brooklyn, NY.

- Service team member.
- Music minister.

St. Mark's-in-the-Bowery New York, NY.

- Lenten Seasonal Team member, Lent 1982.
- Music ministry member.

MCC-Boston

- Teaching study in Luke.
- Lay ministry participation.
- Music ministry participation.

Various

- Traveled with Evangelist John Lopez as Gospel Singer.
- Performed as a minister of music for various Christian organizations.
- Three years retail ministry with Logos Book Store: New York and Boston.

RICHARD J. CRABBY
64 FISHER AVENUE
BOSTON, MA. 02120
617-442-1054

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Old West will remain Old West

(Sean Kardon photo)

By Marian Freda

Old West Church, threatened with self-destruction two short months ago, is in line for new growth, thanks to a major \$10,000 grant from the United Methodist Church of Boston.

Lack of funding led Old West trustees to put the historic old church property up for sale last spring. But backing for Old West and its urban ministry surfaced at the New England Methodist conference earlier this month.

Old West's multiple urban constituencies — including important segments of the city's theological, musical and cultural worlds — will be strengthened and expanded under the new grant, according to Old West minister Richard E. Harding.

Bishop George W. Bashore, commenting on the significance of the new grant, said: "The intention of the grant is to give continuing life to Old West as we enter into new kinds of dialogue about a strategy for the Boston area." Bashore is bishop of the Boston area of the United Methodist church. Nine medium-to-small sized Methodist congregations are

operating within city limits.

"We are hopeful," Bishop Bashore continued, "that new kinds of cooperation and support will enable us to more adequately minister to the needs of city residents."

Heartened by the Bishop's action, Old West's advisory board reversed its own decision to sell the historic landmark building.

"Church people don't use the word 'miracle' lightly," the Reverend Harding said, "but the unexpected support that has poured into Old West since we announced we had to sell the building is like a minor miracle."

Harding has directed Old West's ministry for the past three years. Prior to his Boston appointment, he served as United Methodist District Superintendent of the so-called "crescent district" of churches along the Rte. 128 strip.

Old West Church, located at Cambridge and Staniford Street in the heart of the West End, has a rich history and a complex recent past, according to Harding.

Originally built in 1737, the current graceful brick building was designed by architect Asher Benjamin in 1806, and

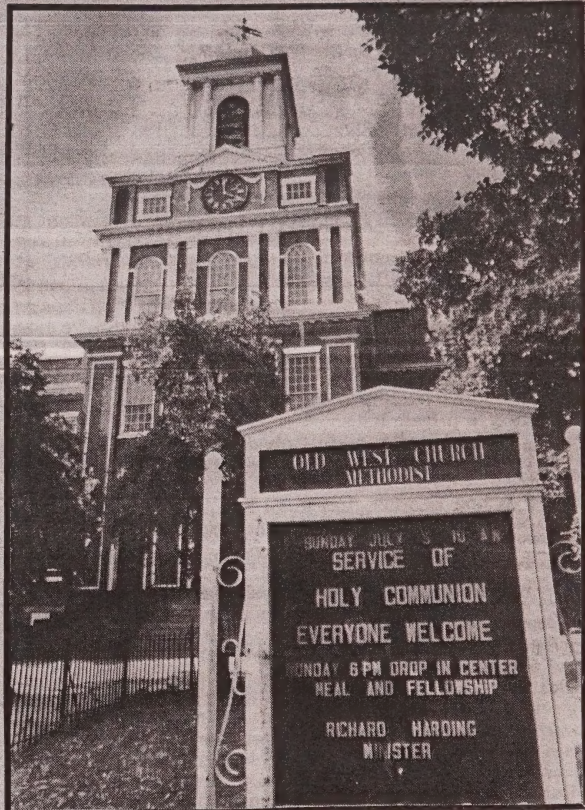
is now a protected historic landmark.

The property, once a city branch library, was purchased by the United Methodist church in 1963. Old West has gained academic prominence as an urban training parish for Boston University School of Theology. Former Old West interns are literally representing the church in all continents of the globe.

Old West's Fiske organ is world famous, and the church is one of the city's finest performing centers for sacred and secular organ music.

Harding stated bluntly that Old West will place new emphasis in the next six months on reaching new publics, including workers and residents in nearby Government Center, Charles River Park, Beacon Hill and Massachusetts General Hospital.

"When the Methodists first took over Old West, the church was ambitiously conceived as a cathedral church," Harding explained. "The plan was to make Old West the embodiment of the Methodist presence in predominantly Roman Catholic Boston. But, like mainline churches throughout America, Old West has suffered — both from dis-



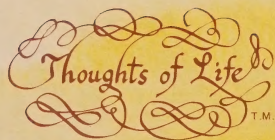
April 7, 1982

JOHN C. GRAVES
42 THE FENWAY
BOSTON, MASS. 02215

Dear Marge,

Although the weather is hardly reminiscent of Easter or anything else springlike, I would like to make an Easter contribution to MCC. I am enclosing a check for \$100. I hope it arrives before Easter, and I look forward to seeing you at the service then.

Sincerely,
John



It takes more than words
to let you know
how much it means to me
to have you as a friend
I can depend on you for understanding
when I am confused
I can depend on you for comfort
when I am sad
I can depend on you for laughter
when I am happy
I am so thankful
to know that you are
always
my friend

~Susan Polis Schutz

 **Blue Mountain Arts** T.M.

P. O. Box 4549, Boulder, Colorado 80306
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DESIGNED BY SANDPIPER STUDIOS

Wed May 12

Marge -

I know cards like this are -
perhaps -- a bit corny but I just
wanted to thank you for caring,
for understanding, and for helping
me understand the pain, confusion
and other parts of my life that
seem to be a mess. (Thank Sheila
also for her patience for my delaying
you on more than one occasion!)
Tell her that I'm sorry for keeping you
so long and that I'll try not to do
it many other times! (I always have
this fear that because I talk and sometimes
keep one member of a team (or marriage etc)
extra time, that the other member will be pissed at me
and say evil things about me! So far that hasn't happened!)

Take care -
Thanks again for your
warmth - Fondly - Linda Ruettinger

DOUBLEPARKED IN BOSTON

Ancient Puritan grime discolors snow,
clean windshield blurs once-clear vision
of redbricked, violet-eyed monsters
lining dingy, one-way cowpaths
recently widened for Model T's.
In Southie, second generation immigrants
curse new fag residents
on smallpox scarred, blighted streets.
Along Marlboro Street, just like Santa Monica Blvd,
young boys' dreams are lined
with twenty dollar bills.
Across the bridge in Somerville,
two spinsters wonder about the two women next door;
Near the Hill, in single rooms
lives are played out in unheated rooms;
meals eaten nightly in different churches' halls.
For only twentyfive cents (how you get it,
never mind); sent home with peanut butter
sandwiches for tomorrow's brunch.
At Rosie's and at Hill Street
wide-eyed frostbitten faces
search hungrily for comfort
in wine or new pill
Mass General might provide
to handle how it is
on the street.
Down on Charles Street,
just past the red line stop,
Harvard and Radcliffe dilettantes
peer through squared window glass
as they search out authentic antique clothes
or a new quiche to celebrate.
Old tired churches stare dumbly
into two centuries of dust,
their dull Bostonian faces
sadly observing phantoms from Sculley Square
march down concrete stairwells at Government Center,
in funerary processions
for the meetinghouse on Charles Street,
now defiled by management
and Haagen-Daz.

On very quiet evenings near the bay
you can almost hear the laughing voices
from two hundred years ago.

Sheila Rosecrans

Robert Lowell in Cambridge

LORD WEARY

BY JAMES ATLAS

WHEN I STEPPED OUT OF THE ELEVATOR ON THE tenth floor of Holyoke Center, in Harvard Square, one afternoon in the fall of 1968, the corridor was already crowded. Students leaned against the wall, sprawled on the crimson carpet, or stood around in clusters. I sat down on a bench near the elevator bank, away from the others; their eagerness put me off.

We were waiting for Robert Lowell. The year before, I hadn't been eligible for his advanced poetry seminar—Lowell accepted no freshmen—but this year I was sure he would be impressed with my "work" (as I had taken to calling it). Somber meditations on history in a time of crisis and on the predicament of Jews who never quite found a home in America, my poems addressed the big issues yet were movingly personal. I considered myself a good candidate.

The elevator doors opened, and Lowell emerged amid a coterie of graduate students, a Mafia don surrounded by his lieutenants. Leonard Wiggins, my freshman poetry instructor, was by his side. I rose to greet him, but he hurried past with a brusque nod, clearing a path through the crowd. Lowell shuffled down the corridor, an aging professor in a fullback's body, staring ahead with the prescient gaze of the blind. We pushed into the classroom after him, so many that we spilled out into the hall.

Lowell glanced around in bewilderment; his eyes, magnified by black-framed glasses, flicked warily from face to face. The students fell silent, like birds before an eclipse. His wrinkled suit hung from his shoulders as if it were a size too large. Flecks of spittle formed at the corners of his mouth. "I can only take ten or twelve of you," he said in a tentative voice that had a faintly southern accent. He winced beneath the bright panels of light in the acoustic-tile ceiling, and smiled through taut lips. "I'm sure everyone is qualified." We were to leave our poems with him, and he would post a list in Warren House before next week's meeting. That was all; he was making his way toward the door.

Well, at least I had seen him. Like a bird watcher elated by a rare sighting, I noted the characteristics I had studied on book-jacket photographs and in the *Time* cover story that had appeared the summer before I went off to Har-

vard. (I could still recall my excitement when I walked into Hoo's Drugstore in Evanston, Illinois, and saw the cover, with Sidney Nolan's portrait of Lowell wreathed like an emperor.) I had that sense of recognition one gets from seeing a celebrity in person; he seemed at once familiar and remote, someone I knew and someone different from other people by virtue of his known image. Our first glimpse of the famous is often disappointing; they seem diminished, ordinary. Lowell seemed, if anything, larger; he was taller than I had expected, and his corolla of whitening curls trailed back from his broad, marbled forehead.

I felt as if I had known him for years. I had been gathering Lowell's biographical lore since I was a sophomore in high school. I had read every reference work, every literary essay, every biographical note I could find; he was the greatest living American poet, so it was natural that I, an aspiring poet myself, should be curious about his life. I had read every book of Lowell's, from *Land of Unlikeness* and *Lord Weary's Castle* to *Life Studies*, that astonishing chronicle of his nervous breakdowns, his conflicts with his parents, his precocious, moody childhood. "I used to sit through the Sunday dinners absorbing cold and anxiety from the table"—I knew all about it.

Of course, Lowell, for all his complaints of belonging to a shabby, impoverished branch of the aristocratic Boston Lowells, was from another world. After all, what did that family have to do with the Atlases of Illinois and, before that, of Poland and God knows where else? This discrepancy troubled me; it was one thing for Lowell to write about himself and another for me, a mere boy, to go about denouncing my relatives and disclosing my wracked soul's every secret. My experience, however charged with significance I found it, could hardly have been more inconsequential in comparison with Lowell's. Even the proper names in his poetry—the Porcellian, Beverly Farms, Blue Hill in Maine—evoked a class so far beyond mine that I scarcely knew it existed. The names in *my* story—Eli's Delicatessen, the Skokie Indoor Tennis Club, Howard Johnson's Nassau Beach Lodge—were hopelessly suburban. How could I ever get poetry out of this unpromising material? It wasn't enough simply to *feel* the poignance of life, a poignance that graced even Evanston on humid August nights when I coasted on my bicycle through the lakeside parks, swerving up and down the graveled paths with an exalted heart. No, you had to move in a more

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privileged realm, I suspected, to get poetry out of life.

This is why I had gone to Harvard—to find that more authentic experience, to dwell in a literature-producing region. Never mind that Dreiser, James T. Farrell, and Nelson Algren had been inspired by Chicago, that Saul Bellow lived there now, or that in the early decades of the century there had been some kind of Chicago Renaissance. (I was amazed to learn from Henry James's *The American Scene* that he had visited Chicago in 1905 and been introduced to a literary salon; the only salon I knew was the beauty parlor in the Orrington Hotel where my mother had her hair done once a week.) Much as I loved Chicago, it was impossible to imagine actually living in that soot-coated city. It was the East that held out promise, the East where writers lived and wrote; it was the East that I dreamed of, the New England of Hawthorne, Emerson, Melville (or was he from New York? Anyway, you get the idea), the crucible of culture, a world with a tradition.

Tradition: what a significant word that was! I couldn't open my mouth anymore without complaining about its absence. Everything is new! I sneered, casting a cold eye on our Danish-modern living room. I was off to where the American past was visible, where the furniture in the common rooms was burnished to a dark patina. The summer before freshman year I had spent whole afternoons in a plastic-webbed lawn chair on our patio perusing the 1967 Harvard course catalogue. "The Romance in America"; "The American Novel from the Civil War to 1900"; "The Poet in America": I read this catalogue with the "wild surmise" of Keats looking into Chapman's *Homer* "like some watcher of the skies/ When a new planet swims into his ken."

But there was a still greater revelation in store for me, and that was the discovery that Harvard offered *writing* courses. Why, this was news! Here was William Alfred, the popular Harvard English professor I had read about in *The New Yorker*'s "Talk of the Town." And here was . . . "Mom!" I rose out of my lawn chair with a glad cry. My mother hurried to the door and looked out through the screen. "This is unbelievable! Guess who teaches poetry at Harvard? Robert Lowell." I read aloud: "English Sa. Writing (Advanced Course). . . The emphasis will be primarily on poetry. Not more than ten students will be enrolled."

"Only ten?" my mother said doubtfully. "That's not so many."

"Oh, for God's sake, Mother. How many poets can there be at Harvard?"

WHEN I ARRIVED IN CAMBRIDGE AND LEARNED that Lowell's seminar was closed to freshmen, I could scarcely imagine how I would get through the year. To console myself, I boarded the MTA, got off at Charles Street, and headed for 91 Revere Street, where Lowell had lived as a child. Standing before the "flat red brick surface unvaried by the slightest suggestion of pur-

ple panes, delicate bay, or triangular window-cornice," I was as disappointed as Lowell had been by its bland façade, which blended in with the other houses on the steeply descending street. For once I was unstirred.

I got no closer to Lowell that year. Now I was sweating out his decision. On the crucial day, I consulted the bulletin board in Warren House every few minutes until a secretary wandered in and tacked up the list. There it was! My name.

Elated, I rose in the Holyoke Center elevator that afternoon and hurried toward the seminar room—only to find it nearly as crowded as it had been the week before. There must have been forty people, perched on the broad windowsill or the metal-hooded radiator, sitting cross-legged on the floor among piles of coats and notebooks, or lounging by the door. Tutors and graduate students, local poets, elderly women with crests of billowing white hair and vein-threaded cheeks, a reporter with a notepad balanced on his knee: the list, I soon discovered, was a formality. Anyone could attend.

Lowell passed around copies of a poem—the ritual of poetry seminars—and asked who the author was. A girl with kohl-encrusted eyes and silver stars pasted on her cheeks raised her hand. Lowell nodded and began to read the poem in a low, droning voice—the same voice I had listened to on a Caedmon album in high school, sprawled on the carpet in my bedroom late at night, while the TV boomed up through the floor. His broad Boston accent blended with a southern drawl acquired during his undergraduate years at Kenyon, where he had been a disciple of the Agrarian poet John Crowe Ransom:

The night when you became my lover,
goats cavorted above the star-dappled sea,
I saw the whitewashed villages whiten,
the moon intensify its beam of light.

Lowell's hand, the fingers splayed, moved in circles over the page, as if he were conjuring it to rise off the Formica surface. "You feel this last stanza's almost a parody, it's so weird," he said. "You could almost say it's a satire on the genre." The girl gnawed a fingernail and lit a cigarette. "It reminds me of Swinburne's '*Cor Cordium*,'" Lowell persisted. "It has Swinburne's florid energy." He turned a mild, inquisitive face to the girl, tucking a feathery wisp of hair behind his ears. "Isn't that what you had in mind? It's a translation of an English poem."

"I guess so," said the girl.

"How do others feel about the poem?" A few tentative hands rose, but Lowell was studying it again. "Or you could have the goats cavorting first: 'Goats cavorted when you became my lover.'" Pleased with this variation, he tried another: "The star-dappled sea cavorts . . ." His eyes had a hectic glint. "Why doesn't someone else talk now?" he said softly.

"I wonder if that last image is really earned," ventured a boy in a motorcycle jacket. "I mean—"

"But then you couldn't really say Swinburne." Lowell cut in, his hands circling above the poem. "It doesn't have Swinburne's lushness." He stared out the window, thinking hard. "And you could queer my argument by saying that it doesn't rhyme."

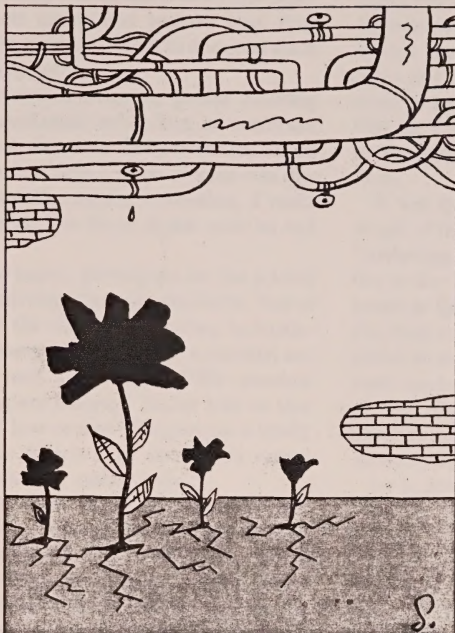
Through the picture windows that made up a wall of the room, the needle-like spire of Memorial Church divided the sky. A line of geese floated over the Yard. Lowell studied the poem for a while, then turned again to the author. "It's as good as Edna Millay."

Eventually we got used to these peculiar associations. Lowell would sit before the poem, seemingly transfixed by it, one cigarette cradled in his hand, another smoldering in the ashtray. Glancing up, he would suddenly offer some terse summation—"How many others in the room have grandfather poems?" he once asked after reading my contribution to the genre—or impossible advice: "Have you tried writing this in couplets?" "What if you made the speaker a priest instead of a young poet? Then maybe his sins would seem more real."

Lowell's interruptions seemed involuntary. Hunched down in his chair, smoke dribbling from between his thin, moist lips, his forehead shiny beneath the recessed lights, he would spin his manic fantasies, imagining how the poem would have gone if Wallace Stevens or T. S. Eliot had written it. Once, discussing a poem by an athletic, fresh-faced boy who stood out in that pale, needy crowd, Lowell peered intently at the page and stated, "You've been reading Hardy."

"Not really," said the boy, in obvious confusion. Wasn't Hardy a novelist? Then, not wishing to be impolite, he amended his answer: "I mean, no more than usual."

"But you could see these stanzas in *The Dynasts*," Lowell insisted. "Only with Hardy it would require eight hundred lines instead of eight." He leaned back in his chair and gazed at the ceiling. "You have Hardy's grim sense of humor—his enjoyment of misery. Fate was something he could mock at and not be called cruel." The boy stared at him like a tourist trying to make out a foreign language. "But then Hardy wrote his poetry out of genuine despair," Lowell mused. "You feel he wasn't so much inspired by his misery as driven mad by it." And then he was off on a long account of Hardy's two marriages, his reclusiveness, his cruel behavior toward his wives.



LOWELL GOSSIPED ABOUT the English poets the way other people gossip about their friends; he spoke of them as if they were colleagues and contemporaries, and thought nothing of disparaging them. "You feel that Arnold's trying too hard here," he remarked once, poring over "The Buried Life." "You'd almost say he wants to feel more than he does; the terse lines are there to goad on his emotion." It would never have occurred to me that Arnold could have tried too hard or pretended to feel more than he did; Arnold was only a name in the canon. He came after the Romantics and before Swinburne. He was represented in *The Norton Anthology of English Literature*. But to Lowell he was a school inspector, a thwarted poet, a man who had once lived.

Lowell had the infuriating habit of devoting hours and hours of our precious class time to older poets—and I mean old. Bored with our unmetered cries of anguish, he would turn to a well-thumbed *Oxford Book of English Verse* that he carried with him, its dark-blue cover faded with age. "This reminds me of Wyatt," he would say quietly, contemplating one of our poems. (He never seemed ironic about these comparisons; to him, poetry was poetry.) Flipping through the compact blue volume, he would read with a weird, urgent lilt, his voice gathering tension, then dropping to a nearly inaudible murmur. The Elizabethan diction of "The Appeal" or "Forget Not Yet" was as natural in his mouth as a poem from *Life Studies*. Once he recited from memory Sir Walter Raleigh's "What Is Our Life?" and when he came to the last four lines—

Our graves that hide us from the searching sun
Are like drawn curtains when the play is done.
Thus march we, playing, to our latest rest,
Only we die in earnest—that's no jest.

—his voice grew rapt with terror. Eyes wide, he stared sightlessly out at the vision summoned up by Raleigh's words, a premonitory hallucination remote from our innocent classroom with its shiny Formica table and Fiberglas chairs, our heap of ski parkas and pea coats on the floor.

We listened dutifully to Lowell's monologues about these dead poets. Only why didn't he understand our unappeasable hunger to discuss our own work? Week after week, we entered the classroom tense with expectation; whose poems would be handed out this time? You could feel the

frustration when the unlucky ones glanced down like poker players appraising their hands and learned that they would have to devote the next two hours to someone else's work. What bitter disappointment!

Lowell, though, was curious about our poems. Looking up from the mimeographed sheet before him, he would ask in his mild voice whose it was, then fix upon the author an uncertain scrutiny. The first time a poem of mine was discussed, read out in Lowell's quaking intonation, I could feel him trying to bring me into focus; it was clear he had never seen me before.

"It's an odd poem," he began, pawing the air like a blind man groping down a corridor. "It's all sensibility. You've written yourself back to the nineteenth century, to Baudelaire." He studied the poem, as absorbed as a scientist examining a slide, then read a line again: "My wracked frame wastes on a Tangiers balcony." You've told us that you're suffering, but not how or why." He gave me a kindly look. "And this pathetic fallacy: 'The stars' mad vacant stare'—it's too outlandish. The reader balks."

Was my poem pathetic, then, on top of everything else? And after so many years of waiting for this moment, waiting for approval from the highest authority in the land? A fallacy! Pathetic! I eyed the poem in disgust. "But I like its strangeness." Lowell broke in on my despondent reverie. "It's as if Keats had come out and told us how much he wanted to be a great poet." He smiled. "The poem's all about you, a good subject—even if it's a you that's entirely made up."

I didn't hear another word in class that day. Like a patient cut off by his psychiatrist at the end of the hour, I was uneasy, resentful; I hungered for more. My audience had ended all too quickly. I tried to remember everything he had said, but the message was ambiguous. Had I been compared favorably with Baudelaire? What about "sensibility"? Was that a good thing to have? My memory, cruelly accurate for once, restored the disparaging phrase: "all sensibility." But it was the word "pathetic" that tormented me the most; what a hateful idea. Not even "I like its strangeness" could cancel out that distressing epithet. (It wasn't until many years later that I came across Ruskin's discussion of "pathetic fallacy" in *Modern Painters*.)

I WAS HARDLY ALONE IN MY HUNGER FOR LOWELL'S attention. Everyone clamored for a share: the Brattle Street ladies who invited him to dinner; the undergraduates who clustered around him after class on the thinnest excuse—a late assignment, a clarification of some stray remark he had made about their work; the graduate students and tutors who accompanied him to the Faculty Club for a drink. Nothing dejected me more than to watch Lowell moving off down the sidewalk surrounded by his coterie.

Denied direct access to him, I cultivated his disciples. Leonard Wiggins had organized a workshop of his own,

which met once a week in the basement of Kirkland House, and now that I was in Lowell's class, he invited me to join. It was in that dreary room, beneath plaster-swaddled pipes and next door to a quivering, ancient boiler, that I came to know the core of Lowell's Cambridge following, that handful of zealous graduate students who dined out and corresponded with the poet, even visited him in New York.

It was from Lowell's disciples that I learned the main details of his life: that he lived in New York and came up to Cambridge for two days a week; that he was married to the writer Elizabeth Hardwick; that he had a suite of rooms in Quincy House; that he was writing sonnets now. But they knew far more: the identities of the people mentioned in his poems; the variants of celebrated lines ("That poem used to have two more stanzas," Leonard would say, or "The *Sewanee Review* version was much better"); his itinerary at any given moment ("Cal's in London," or "Cal's campaigning with McCarthy").

I was greatly impressed by these knowing discussions, and envious of the casual talk about "Cal"—short for the Roman emperor Caligula, a prep school nickname that had stuck (with Lowell's own connivance, I suspected; I hadn't had any trouble getting rid of "Fatless," my nickname). To speak of Cal was to claim an intimacy with Lowell that forever eluded me; even later on, when I knew him well enough to call him on the phone, I would murmur with stilted English formality, "Is that Robert Lowell?" But Wiggins had clearly earned the right. "Cal read this poem aloud the other night, and thought it was one of my best," he would say; or, "Cal says you have to tinker with a poem until your eyes pop out of your head." The name in itself was poetry; it suggested a world one could know if one were only patient enough—a world in which great men were colleagues.

The other disciple of Lowell's I got to know that year was Winston Walker, a graduate student from New Orleans who attended the Kirkland House evenings and was writing a Ph.D. thesis on religious imagery in Lowell's early work. The son of an amateur historian from an aristocratic southern family, Walker had grown up in a household that must have been, from what he told me of it, as old-fashioned as mine was progressive. The strict father, the vine-covered house where servants glided noiselessly through the halls, the theological debates at the dinner table (Walker had converted to Catholicism while still in high school); had I read about such childhoods in Faulkner? I imagined Winston seated at a mahogany dining-room table, a Latin primer open before him, translating Catullus, while his father, behind a closed door in the upstairs study, put the finishing touches on a book about how the South could have won the Civil War.

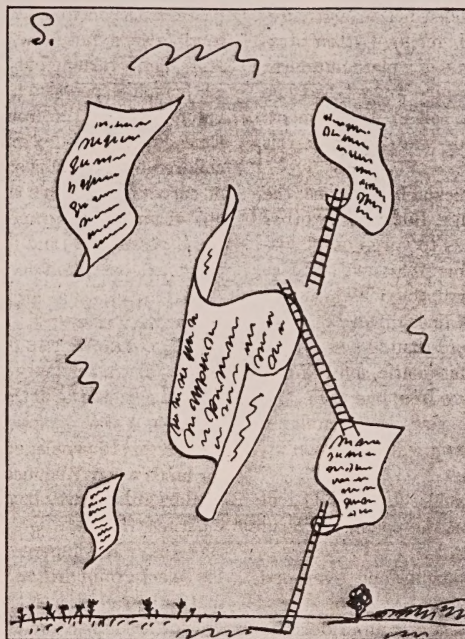
However fanciful this image, it represented for me the rigor of Winston's character, its archaic formality. He was hopelessly awkward—I had once been riding with him in his old Chevrolet when he smashed a rear headlight trying

to park, then sideswiped two cars as he drove off in disgust—but somehow powerful; in his cream-colored linen suits and flesh-tinted glasses, he was at once vigorous and professorial, refined yet possessed of a nervous animal strength. Nowhere was this strength more evident than in his voice, a penetrating nasal whine that made heads turn. Once, while crossing a street together in Paris against the light, we were nearly run over by a Frenchman who leaped screaming from his Citroën; Walker protested in a sonorous drone that emanated like a mantra from deep within his diaphragm, "*Ça ne vous donne pas le droit de parler comme ça*"—upon which the driver backed off, gaping in astonishment, and drove away.

Nothing mattered to Walker but poetry; I never heard him mention a novel. On the rare occasions when he found himself in the company of people who didn't write, he sat with a drink in his hand and the nervous look of a patient in a dentist's waiting room, tossing back one highball after another. Fiercely impatient but too polite to interrupt, he crouched forward in his chair, as eager as a hunting dog about to be unleashed, and waited for a chance to bring the conversation around.

He was maddeningly thorough, and would go through some minor poet's oeuvre book by book, assessing the poet's development and reputation, concentrating on a thin volume destined for oblivion a laborious scrutiny that made me feel boorish for dismissing it out of hand. "How can you say that?" he would interrupt when I declared a poet "stupid" or "no good." "What about the sequence of poems on the death of his father in *Waiting Out the Winter*? There are some good things there." His impulse of fairness shamed me.

IT WAS WALKER WHO INTRODUCED ME TO LOWELL'S "office hours"—not voluntarily but by chance, when I happened to encounter him turning in at the gate of Quincy House one morning. He was on his way to see Lowell, as it happened, and had no choice but to invite me along. I followed him down a flight of steps, past a janitor's closet, and into a tiny, windowless cell with cinderblock walls, a scuffed linoleum floor, and a few metal folding chairs around an old wooden table. It was in this cheerless dungeon that Lowell spent every Wednesday morning



from nine until noon. The procedure was no different from his Tuesday class, except that those who wished to have their poems discussed could volunteer. Anyone could attend, the only requirement being that one knew about the office hours in the first place; and since no one who did know was anxious to share the information, word didn't get around.

Promptly at nine, Lowell would shuffle into the crowded room looking hung over and pale, his forehead damp, a watery remoteness in his eyes. "Who has a poem?" he would ask shyly, lighting a cigarette.

I could never figure out why he submitted himself to this needless torture. Perhaps it was because so many of our poems were imitations of his own—a form of homage. The brutal candor of *Life Studies*

was our model, Lowell's madness our literary myth. Every few semesters he had to be confined to McLean's, the Boston-area mental hospital described in his poem "Waking in the Blue." I had never witnessed one of these breakdowns, but I had heard about them in grim detail: Lowell showing up at William Alfred's house and declaring that he was the Virgin Mary; Lowell talking for two hours straight in class, revising a student's poem in the style of Milton, Tennyson, or Frost; Lowell wandering around Harvard Square without a coat in the middle of January, shivering, wild-eyed, incoherent. In the seminar room on the top floor of Holyoke Center, we waited nervously—perhaps even expectantly, given the status accorded anyone who had been present at one of these celebrated episodes—for it to happen before our eyes, watching eagerly for any manic soliloquies, references to Hitler, or outbursts of unnatural gaiety. These were the signs that Lowell had "gone off" and would have to be put away.

Encouraged by Lowell's willingness to write about such episodes, his disciples turned out confessions of madness, attempted suicide, and sexual miscreancy that made the revelations in *Life Studies* seem as tame as a country priest's confession. "When you slit your wrists," began a poem by a genial midwestern boy whose work Lowell admired, "the blood made a crimson gully on the floor." "I could feel his heart lunging like a rabbit flushed from cover" was another line I recall, from a poem in which a 300-pound diva laments the sudden death of her lover, seized by a fatal coronary as she rode above him on a couch in her dressing room. The day a thin, mild-mannered divinity

student whose piping voice, disheveled beard, and wire-rimmed glasses made him a dead ringer for Lytton Strachey read out the dramatic monologue of a mass murderer of boys that began, "I was only happy when I had one in the trunk," I gazed around our cell in wonderment: just how many Loebes and Leopolds were there in this room?

My own poetry revealed few homicidal inclinations; the only violence I did was to the language. But in every other respect it was so close to Lowell's as to verge on plagiarism. Once I brought in a poem for discussion at office hours and Lowell read it aloud, interrupting with his usual digressions, until he came to the last line. Instead of reading it, he paused as if studying a word that he was uncertain how to pronounce, then said in his gentle, murmurous drawl, "I see you've taken a line here from one of my poems." I faced his unrepentant gaze, and suddenly Lowell's line came to mind, a line from which my own diverged by only a single word.

"Huh!" I said. "I guess it is a lot like it." I could feel myself blushing, and stared down at the poem, my head cradled in my fists.

"It's a good line," Lowell said kindly, and everyone laughed.

Even in my embarrassment, I felt a certain pride. The plagiarism had troubled him, I noticed, and to register in his mind, however fleetingly and under whatever conditions, was to exist. I used to walk back to my dorm from office hours calibrating the amount of attention I had gotten over the past three hours; every glance in my direction, every casual aside, was rehearsed and evaluated. "What do you think, James?" Hadn't Lowell turned and spoken those words? Hadn't he referred to me by name? My need to be noticed was obsessive—an obsession shared, I suspect, by many who came to class or office hours. Like cripples thronging about a healer, we longed to be anointed by the great man's recognition.

What was it that gave Lowell this gravity, this nearly shamanistic power? Perhaps it was that the one question that tormented everyone else had been decided for him: he had made it into the pantheon of great American poets. His work would last, while we were condemned to doubt; our poems were so provisional, so rudimentary that we despaired of ever giving utterance to what we felt. "Oh Lord, how beautiful must have been some of the faces trampled in the dust." I was moved by that lament, from an Urdu poem I had read somewhere, awed that so much effort might come to so little. "The unspoken question," Winston once confided, "is which of us will last." It reassured him that Keats had gone largely unappreciated in his lifetime, that Tennyson had been ridiculed by his early critics.

He was haunted by thoughts of immortality. But I was haunted by other thoughts—thoughts of oblivion. I wrote to preserve the memory of my own existence, to record for the sake of the dead their forgotten history. This vanished

past was the only tradition I knew, and it was to thwart its terrible anonymity that I sat hunched over my desk night after night, turning out what Lowell once called my "Jewish homelife" poems: chronicles of my grandparents' arrival in America, the crowded households of immigrants on Chicago's West Side, the new prosperity and dispersal of children to the suburbs; the accumulation and divestment of carpets and looms and paintings and sideboards and gold-framed photographs. They were like geologic strata, these possessions and lives, each generation burying the previous generation deeper.

ELATED BY THE DISCOVERY OF OFFICE HOURS, regular attendance at which had raised me above the common lot of the undergraduates in Lowell's poetry class, I was disappointed to find that there was still another, more privileged status—those who joined Lowell for lunch every Wednesday at Iruña, a Spanish restaurant in Harvard Square. It was with the keenest regret that I emerged from the Quincy House basement at noon on those days and lingered on the sidewalk while Lowell and his select group drifted off in a cluster. It was strange: no matter how old I was, there always seemed to be an "older crowd" around to exclude me. Just because I was twenty, rather than ten made no difference in the humiliation I suffered as I made my way back to Dunster House and pushed my tray along the barred counter, peering in through the steamed-up glass at the metal bins heaped high with carrots and lima beans, mashed potatoes and Salisbury steak. I could still have been the boy unwrapping his bologna sandwich on a bench while sides were chosen for the scrub baseball game; still the seventh grader new to Evanston, trailing after the eighth-grade boys who smoked, carried switchblades, and slipped out to the luncheonette on the other side of the viaduct during lunch period; still the high school freshman trudging home after school, my Harvard bookbag crammed with work, while the upperclassmen hurried off to their extracurricular activities. Would there ever come a time, I wondered, scanning the Dunster dining hall for an unoccupied table, when I would belong to the "older crowd"?

One day, after a sparsely attended office hours, I noticed Lowell glancing around and realized that no one from the inner circle had shown up. Who would join him at Iruña? I happened to be sitting beside him—rather, I had arrived twenty minutes early and claimed the seat. Lowell registered my presence and said, "Let's have lunch." It was a command, but spoken in such a diffident voice that I scarcely heard him.

As we headed off down the street, I glimpsed one of the other undergraduates who had managed to find out about office hours. A burly, taciturn young man who specialized in dramatic monologues by martyred religious figures—Jan Hus, Giordano Bruno, Thomas More—he seemed capable of the violence the others only wrote about; there

was a taut, furious shape to his mouth, and his blue eyes behind rimless glasses had an angry glint. He was angling toward us with a determined stride, his big shoulders thrown forward, as if he were muscling his way through a crowd.

I tried to hurry Lowell on, hoping to screen him from the intruder's view. But he came right up—and Lowell, the distracted, indiscriminate Lowell, invited him to join us. What the hell are you doing? I raged inwardly. How can you waste your time on this ominous character? I could scarcely restrain myself from seizing the intrusive poet and hurling him into the snow. But it was too late; he had fallen in beside us. Fuming, I kicked a stony lump of ice. The great event ruined! What was so special about having lunch with Lowell if this boorish lout, this lumpen bully, could push his way in? I was too exasperated to join the conversation or even hear what they were saying until we were seated at Iruña, and Lowell was filling our glasses with sangria. Oblivious of the malevolent stares we exchanged—the other poet was no happier than I at the prospect of having to share the occasion—Lowell posed his favorite question: "Who do you read?"

Some younger poets were mentioned, neo-surrealists with a weakness for hallucinatory images and weird, improbable metaphors. I knew Lowell didn't care for their work.

"Oh, I just don't believe them," I broke in. "Their poems aren't *about* anything. I mean, don't you get tired of all those speaking stones and streetlamps that turn into stars? It's become a style, the latest fashion." My voice quavered with vehemence.

Lowell lit a cigarette and caressed the tablecloth, smoothing out wrinkles and brushing away crumbs. He was in his element, ranking poets, assigning them their place on the ladder—beneath him, it was understood. Flattered as I was by his invitation, I had been anxious on the way over to the restaurant; how would I ever hold his interest or find enough to say? But I realized that it didn't matter; all one had to do was mention a few poets and he was off, judging, dismissing, now and then offering a shred of praise. This exercise could entertain him for hours. "Who else?" he would prompt during a lull in the conversation; or, "What about so-and-so?" Whenever a new name was introduced, he leaned forward eagerly, his hands



spread out on the table, a glad look in his eye. "He's written two good poems," he would say in that mild but definite voice of his; and he would name and discuss them as if the poet's work were right in front of him, open to the page. I was amazed by how much he kept up with even minor poets; I don't recall ever hearing him say he didn't know someone's work.

"You think they're really so bad as all that?" My rude outburst had made Lowell more charitable. Why be the first to attack? "I find Norman interesting in his own small way," he said. "He's written some good poems." Lowell's eyes behind his glasses bulged. "Only you feel he has nothing to say."

I nodded—a victory for our side—and glanced at my sullen opponent, but he was busy

gnawing the husk of a shrimp. Lowell signaled the waiter and ordered another pitcher of sangria. He hadn't touched his dish, an omelette in a cream sauce. The ashtray was heaped with bent and broken half-smoked cigarettes. Lowell wasn't one of those smokers who exhale in vigorous plumes; he smoked as if it made him ill. His skin had a mushroom-like pallor; his tie was streaked with ash. But he was talking with great energy now, recalling the time he and this poet had met. "He wanted me to come read in Milwaukee or somewhere like that against the war, but I'd already been to Washington and marched against the war, and felt I'd done my part." He gave an apologetic smile, as if asking us to absolve him; had he done the right thing?

Lowell had a way, I noticed, of soliciting opinions from his listeners in order to draw them out; it flattered us to know that our ideas mattered—though I couldn't imagine why they did. What difference did it make what I, a long-haired, unkempt boy in a worn corduroy jacket and Frye boots, thought of Pound's *Pisan Cantos* or the later Hardy? But Lowell was achingly well mannered. He was working his way through Yeats's whole career now, starting with the florid Pre-Raphaelite verse in *The Wanderings of Oisín* and moving brusquely through the various phases of his development, encouraged by an occasional nod or murmur of approval.

"I guess my favorite is 'Under Ben Bulbin,'" I volunteered.

"Really?" he said in surprise, as if I were F. R. Leavis reversing an opinion put forth in *New Bearings in English Poetry*. "What is it that you like about it?"

What, indeed? The only line I could remember was "Horseman, pass by!" God, why hadn't we been taught to memorize?

"Uh, it's such a mature statement about death," I babbled, reaching for my glass. My brutish colleague probably knew the whole poem by heart, and half the plays! But he too was silent. Couldn't Lowell understand that others simply didn't live for poetry the way he did? We had been sitting here for an hour comparing Dryden with Pope, Coleridge with Wordsworth, Edward Thomas with Wilfred Owen, and the two pitchers of sangria had made inroads on my attention. It seemed odd to be drunk in the middle of a winter afternoon, with the ice-etched windows glinting in the sun. Ecstatic as I was to be in Lowell's company, I felt groggy from alcohol and talk; and besides, I was eager to get word out about the momentous event. How could any experience, even this one, compare with the joys of reporting it? To refine, elaborate, revise what happened, to polish and edit the afternoon . . . I could hardly wait to get out of there. "Guess who I just had lunch with?" I heard myself saying over the phone. (No need to mention what's-his-name in these accounts; from now on it was Lowell and me.) "He was fascinating, just incredible. He's every bit as brilliant as he is in class . . ."

But Lowell, done with English literature, had started in on the poets who came to office hours. "I find Bennett's poems too much like mine," he said benignly. "You wonder where he can go from here." Bennett Lamsdon was one of Lowell's most devoted disciples, and had written several essays on his work. I was surprised that Lowell had reservations about him. He admired Bennett's poems and had even recommended him for a fellowship. "I mean, he's very good," Lowell said, turning to me with the look on his face of a child caught drawing on his bedroom wall, "but can you really get away with some of what he gets away with in a poem? Or can you say anything now?" There was a slyness in his eyes that dared reproof. No one had challenged him in years, I was sure, apart from a few easily discredited critics, and he must have grown bored at times by adulation. His disloyalty was a game, a way of diverting himself.

Of course, it was a game that required another player, someone to feed him names. "What about Leonard Wiggins?" I said. He had gone out to California for the semester and "been through a lot of heavy changes," he reported in a letter I now quoted to Lowell.

"Yes, I gather he's brimming with revolutionary zeal,"

Lowell said, leaning forward to concentrate on my words. (What a keen pleasure that was!) He loved news of anyone he knew. "I like his early poems, but I can't follow what he's writing now. You wonder if there isn't too much California in it." (He always switched from "I" to "you," as if attributing his opinions to someone else.) I introduced another name. "His poems are grotesque, too truthful," Lowell said. And of an undergraduate whose work he had praised in class: "She has a schoolgirl's bright enthusiasm, but you feel she hasn't lived."

Everyone did this, I reflected as we left the restaurant. How many of us would choose loyalty over the chance to say what we really thought—or even to display our wit? And how often I disparaged my own friends just for the sake of camaraderie, for the atmosphere of good fellowship that agreement about the failings of others invariably produced. There was no reason why Lowell should be any less vulnerable or calculating than anyone else.

Yet the deference, the gentle drawl, the bowed head, were no pose: they were the visible signs of his ordeal. That he had been through so much was intimidating and made people shy away from him. One evening I spotted him at the Boston Athenaeum, where a young painter who had attended office hours on occasion was giving a slide show of his canoe trip through Alaska. Sitting in the dark among that crowd of ruddy-faced Bostonians, I wondered what Lowell made of the seals and caribou, the trout surfacing on ponds, the vistas of barren tundra that flashed on the screen; it was all so remote from his populous, incident-crowded, human world. Afterward, when the lights came on, he made straight for me, glad to see a familiar face.

More often he was oblivious. I used to see him shuffling down Massachusetts Avenue in his crepe-soled rubber boots. One afternoon, loitering by the magazine rack in the Pangloss Bookshop, I looked up to find him staring in the window, cupping a hand against the glass. I nodded and smiled, hoping to be noticed, but the face squinting with a wrinkled brow at the dust-flecked books registered nothing. He didn't know what he was looking at, I realized; his mind was elsewhere—circling, I imagined, the thought of death that had come to haunt his poetry. It wasn't that he thirsted to live; then only in his early fifties, he seemed wearier than anyone I had ever known. It was that he couldn't believe he would ever die; he had seen and known and felt so much. His bleak eyes in the sunlight were moist, as if he were holding back tears. □

METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH OF BOSTON

MEMORANDUM

TO: Bette Speare, Exhorter

FROM: Rev. Marge Ragona, Pastor

RE: Worship and other things

Welcome once again to the Exhortership! I have some delightful forms I would like you to fill out, so that we can have some kind of record-keeping. They are primarily numerical, i.e. How many x did you perform this month. There is also space for a record of your personal educational, study, or other such activities.

I am not rigid about getting these, but feel they are good practice for you, against the day when you have a Board which says, "Well, Rev. Speare, what do you do with your time?"

I would also like us to get together at least once a month, preferably with the form in hand. I am hoping Tom Plew will want to reinstate his Exhortership and that Paul Medling will decide to come in for his year prior to applying for M.C.C. ministry. Carl Cornish may also join us.

I have enclosed a self-explanatory memo to the Worship Commission and to the Vestry, which will help you understand what in hell is going on. This way we will all have some idea, even me, since I took the time to sit down and think about it and try to get it on paper.

I missed you Sunday, and am sorry I wasn't home to get your call, but I was in Boston all day, first for the introduction to Father Jarrett, the new rector at St. John the Evangelist (there is a huge Integrity chapter there), and then for meetings and stuff with people the rest of the day.

If you are going to be in church this Sunday, I would like you to take the Prayers of the People. Steve Pierce (new Deacon candidate) will be helping in the service as well.

I have a reading list in progress for you, not that you have to read the books, but these are books I found valuable as a pastor. You might start with Henri Nouwen: The Wounded Healer, which is available at most bookstores, but probably at the Paulist Center, as well.

When you can fit it into your schedule, I would like you to sit through a new member's class (4 sessions), just to know how I present the church to new members. Someday you will have to lead these things, and you might as well get in on the bottom rung. It's also valuable for them to get to know you as one of the ministerial team.

Marge

METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH OF BOSTON
131 Cambridge Street
Boston, MA. 02114

July 23, 1981

Mr. Jim Hayes
Clerk
Metropolitan Community Church of Boston
131 Cambridge Street
Boston, Mass. 02114

Dear Jim:

First, let me thank you for the wonderful support and back-up you have been giving me, especially through your attendance at the new members' class. It has been very rewarding to feel your supportive presence and know that you have answers to many questions regarding the current operations of the church.

Second: I have attached a chart which describes the church committee, exhorter/deacon, pastor/Vestry functions which I tried to describe verbally to the new members' class. I would hope as the year goes by and time to elect new board members' rolls around that we would think in terms of electing board members to specific functions, i.e. to facilitate and oversee the work of particular committees.

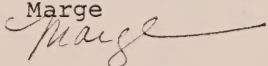
(I am reminded of the story told by Jennie Bull at a District Conference re Boards. She said they were like manure. If you keep them piled up in one place they tend to stink, but if you spread them out, they tend to act as fertilizer. I hope ours is more the second type!)

I have sent a letter to Ernie Lessa regarding petty cash. I have laid out \$31.00 this month for running around, stamps, taxi, Xerox, etc. I am asking for a "Pastor's Discretionary Fund" for such things, as well as an MBTA pass to ease my life a little. I think you know that I will earn my keep. I just need to have the wheels greased.

I have also sent Ernie a memo regarding the Worship Committee and honoring some small expenses to make the setting of the altar a little more pleasant.

This incoming group of women can prove to be a source of both fun and new workers for the church. I love the "intellectual approach" to life, but a dyke patrol is often the backbone of our MCC's, bless their hearts, they have a willingness to work that is a joy to watch!

Again, thanks for all your help and support.

Marge


2.24.83

Dear Marge,

I talked to you before you left last week about my relationship with my former roommate. We were scheduled for a Union ceremony on April 2. What happened is that she experienced a lot of guilt feelings about us having a physical relationship together, and said she actually heard a voice inside her head telling her not to make love with me. She ignored the voice the night we were together and allowed me to go all the way with her. But later we started to argue about our relationship. She ~~is~~ was convinced that sex with me was sinful, though I told her it was an expression of love. She said she loved me very much, but she couldn't have that type of relationship with me. Now, this was not a new relationship - we've known each other for 8 years. The other times we were together, other people interfered with our relationship. This time, she is convinced because of passages such as Lev. 18:22; Rom. 1:26, 27; I Cor. 6:9-11; and Rev. 22:15 (all the passages in the Bible in which homosexuality is mentioned), that God will punish us if we yield to our sexual desires, saying that the only sexual expression God approves is heterosexual marriage.

I've been told this "abomination" makes God sick, and I looked up the definition of the word, and it says "loathful". To me, this means self-hatred. I just can't bring myself to hate myself. And I'd like to know how God, as a Superior Spirit Being can get sick? And why, if He is going to eternally punish all gay people in the lake of fire (Rev. 21:8) unless they turn away from their sexual desires and turn to Christ (Matt. 16:24-26), would He allow so many people in this world to be gay in the first place? When I accepted Christ as my personal Saviour in the Evangelical church, I was taught to learn the Scriptures and to live by them. It is hard for me to understand how a gay person can completely follow the Bible with what it says about our ancestors. What do you say, as someone who could not give up being yourself, about these passages? I was taught to accept them as they were written, turn from ~~the~~ my affectional preference and live in celibacy for the rest of my life. I tried it for two years and I almost ended up in the hospital.

The whole point of all this is that I regret I will probably never meet you now. My

roommate decided she does not believe in the sanctity of a gay union, has sent me home to stay with my mother, and has decided to terminate our friendship. I wanted very much to meet with you, because you were comforting to talk to on the phone. Now I'll never get the chance to hear you preach, but I hope you will write to me. I like to write letters. Perhaps we can become friends through the mail.

I will tell you about MCC/Hartford. I was a member for 2 years back in '78 and '79 during the time their founding pastor, Rev. F. Jay Deacon was pastor. He left in '79 to become pastor of Good Shepherd MCC in Chicago. He first got me to relax about myself. I loved his preaching and my MCC family. Then Rev. Stephen Pieters came from Pennsylvania. I only heard him preach once. The ones I called my family are no longer with the church. They now have a new Worship Coordinator, Rev. Gary Roberts. He is pastoring another church at the same time, but now considers MCC his "real" church. He may very well be gay himself. Most clergy in our denomination are. I am still in

contact with the church, though I don't have transportation to the services. Hartford is 15 miles from Cromwell, and I don't have a car. There is no bus on Sunday, so I'll have to ask my friend if he will bring me.

Someday maybe I will accept myself enough and get over this lost relationship enough to have a union. I don't know.

These things about the Cuke of fire scare me. But I believe in Christ and love Him, and consider myself a Christian even though I'm gay.

I will wait patiently for your answer to this letter. I want very much to correspond with you from time to time. Maybe someday you will come to Hartford and we'll get the chance to talk in person.

My address and phone number are below. You may call weekdays after 3:30 or anytime on weekends. I'm glad to make your acquaintance and consider you my sister in Christ.

Respectfully,
Shaun Hurlburt
51 South St. #9
Cromwell, Ct. 06416

(1-203-635-3359).

TITLE: Who Is My Neighbor: The Wwide
Struggle for Peace & Justice.

Film & Discussion

Offerings - ? District ? Church ?
Services ? Preaching ?

DRC -

65

Check abt. pract time.

Letter-writing supplies, stamps,
pens.

Ernie: Look into single deposit:
~~Ward~~ ~~ed~~ ~~Ward~~ ~~Booby~~ More people - Dignity
Am Tirka

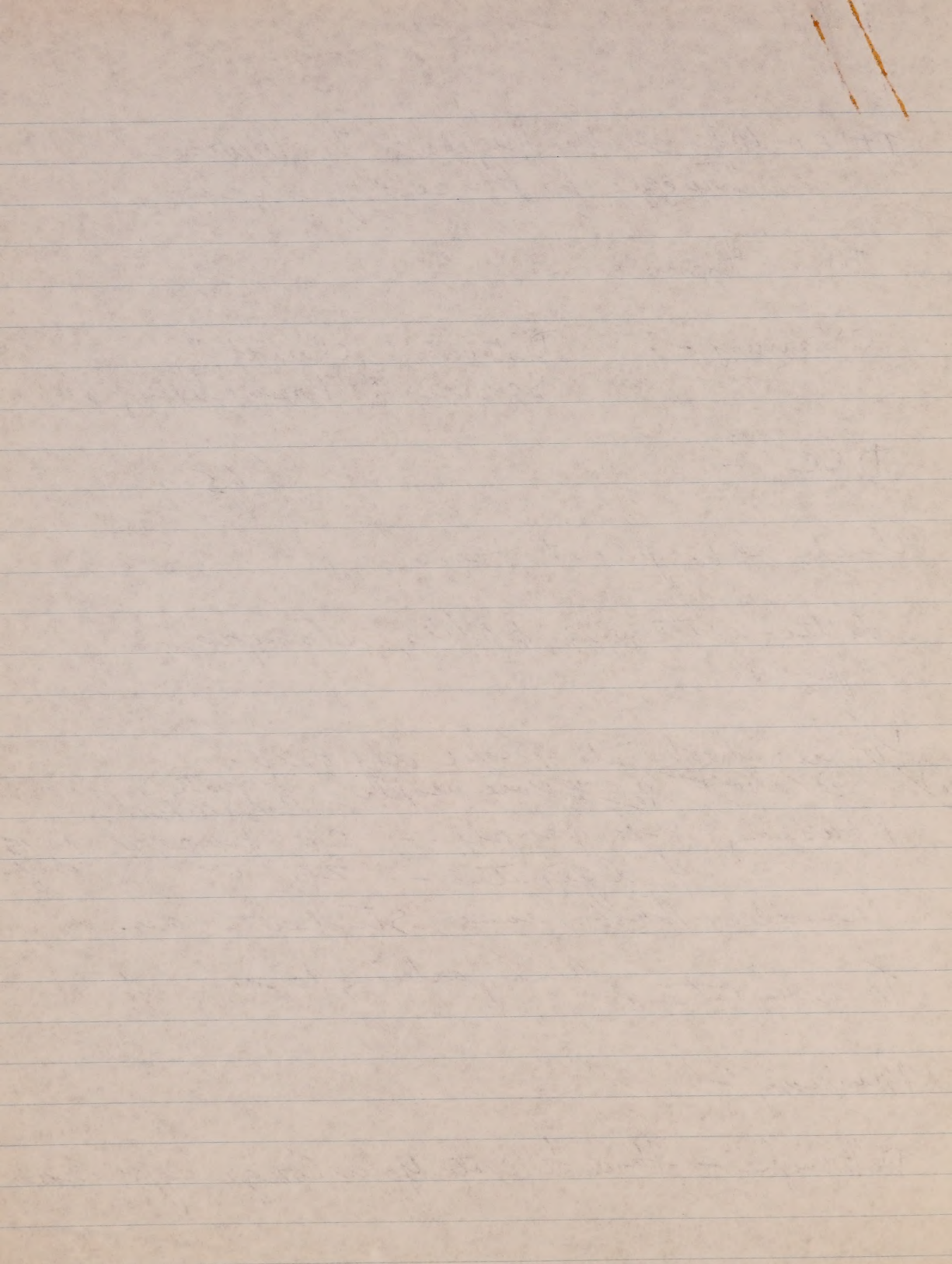
Housing: 8-10 people - 20 spaces 10-15
4 definites - 23 ?? def.

Chandler, Barb. Pease, Students on

Transportation: also parking lots.

Printing -

- DeBaugh - How to Write Your Congressperson



Buff Fisker?

Willie

Belle

Syracuse - ?

Format: Film:

{ Presentation
Reaction
Action }

Gaul, El Salo., Nic, + Hond.

May 6 - Extend invitation to Troy + Steve Pieters

TOPICS FOR MON NIGHT MEETING:

1. SET OUT NEEDED COMMITTEES & RESPONSIBILITIES (SEE ATTACHED)
2. DISCUSS PLANNING SCHEDULE (ATTACHED)
3. WORK OUT BUDGET? (TOO EARLY?)
4. ARE THERE OTHER PLACES THAT LETTERS SHOULD BE SENT IN ADDITION TO THOSE LISTED IN THE RECENT N.E. DISTRICT SECTION OF THE UFMCC DIRECTORY?
5. GET MCL BOSTON STATIONERY FROM MARCE.
6. DISCUSS PRELIMINARY LETTER
 - a. NEEDED? (I THINK SO, JUST TO PREPARE PEOPLE IN CASE OF A HOUSING CRUNCH - OTHERWISE PEOPLE MIGHT JUST ~~FILL~~ FILL OUT THE REGISTRATION/HOUSING FORM WITHOUT READING)
 - b. ADDITIONS, CHANGES, REPHRASING.

→ 7. PRESENT ALTERNATE HOUSING INFO - 10 PLACES RANGING FROM \$15-\$75 SINGLE OTHER IDEAS FOR HOUSING?

SUGGESTED PLANNING SCHEDULE

MAR 24 WED	PRELIMINARY LETTER GOES OUT.
APRIL 6 TUES	7:00 PM PLANNING MEETING
APRIL 11 SUNDAY	PROGRAM CO-ORDINATOR PROVIDES GENERAL CONFERENCE SCHEDULE HOUSING CO-ORDINATOR PROVIDES HOUSING FORM REGISTRATION CO-ORDINATOR PROVIDES TEXT, MAP, ALTERNATE HOUSING INFO DISCUSS & FINALIZE REGISTRATION LETTER SO THAT
APRIL 14 WED	REGISTRATION LETTER AND MATERIALS GO OUT.
APRIL 15 APRIL 15-MAY 6	(TROY'S VISIT) RECORD RECEIPT OF REGISTRATION FEES/HOUSING FORMS MATCH UP HOSTS/GUESTS IN ORDER OF RECEIPT OF PAID FORMS
MAY 7 FRI	SEND OUT NOTIFICATIONS OF HOUSING/LACK THEREOF, IF NECESSARY LATE REGISTRATION FEES APPLY.
MAY 21 FRI	REGISTRATION/HOUSING
MAY 22	CONFERENCE

CO-ORDINATOR'S AREAS (TO BE DISCUSSED AND CHANGED OR SUPPLEMENTED AS NECESSARY)

FOOD:

MEALS (WHICH ONES, WHEN)

MENU
TIMES
BUDGET
BUYING
PREPARING
SERVING
CLEANING

HOUSING

SOICIT HOUSING

MATCH UP GUESTS/HOSTS

SEND OUT NOTIFICATIONS:

2 WKS
BEFORE
CONF.

- a) THOSE WHO HAVE HOUSING, SO THEY
CAN CONNECT W/ THEIR HOSTS UPON ARRIVAL
- b) THOSE WHO DON'T HAVE HOUSING
SO THEY CAN MAKE INDIVIDUAL ARRANGEMENTS

PROGRAM:

GENERAL CONFERENCE SCHEDULE (NEEDED BY MID-APRIL)

SUBJECT
FORMAT
FACILITATORS

REGISTRATION:

PRELIMINARY LETTER

REGISTRATION LETTER w/ MATERIALS (MID-APRIL)

1. PROGRAM SCHEDULE
2. MAP OF BOSTON/SUBWAY
3. HOUSING/REGISTRATION FORM

RECORD RECEIPT OF REGISTRATION FEES

1. MAILED IN
2. IN-PERSON FEB NIGHT, SAT. MORNING

OR REPRESENTATIVE

IF POSSIBLE, THE HOUSING CO-ORDINATOR SHOULD BE PRESENT
DURING REGISTRATION (FRI NIGHT, SAT MORN) TO HANDLE
PROBLEMS, MAKE CONNECTIONS

IT MIGHT BE

PAID HOUSING IN THE BOSTON AREA

NAME AND ADDRESS	SINGLE	DOUBLE
Cambridge YMCA 820 Massachusetts Avenue Cambridge MA 02139 (617) 876-3860	\$15.00	
Boston YWCA 40 Berkeley Street Boston MA 02116 (617)-482-8850	\$19.00	
Cambridge YWCA 2 Temple Street Cambridge MA 02139 (617) 491-6050	\$21.00 \$25.00 (private bath)	
Hotel Essex 695 Atlantic Avenue Boston MA 02111 (617) 482-9000	\$30-\$40	\$40-\$50
Hotel Bradford 275 Tremont Street Boston MA 02116 ((617) 426-1400	\$45.00	\$54.00
Copley Square Hotel 47 Huntington Avenue Boston MA (617)-536-9000	\$48-\$52	\$60-\$66
Eliot Hotel 370 Commonwealth Avenue Boston MA (617) 267-1607	\$48-\$52	\$58
Lenox Hotel 710 Boylston Street Boston MA 536-5300	\$62-\$74	\$76-\$78
Holiday Inn 5 Blossom Boston MA (617) 742-7630	\$72	\$82
57 Hotel Park Plaza (H.J.) 200 Stuart Street (617) 482-1800	\$42-\$5 \$75	\$85

HERE'S A FEW ITEMS
FOR DISCUSSION AT SOME
POINT IN MONDAY NIGHT'S
MEETING. NONE OF THEM ARE
SACRED, AND SUGGESTED MAINLY
AS A STARTING POINT, BUT
I WOULD LIKE TO GET SOME
FEEDBACK ON EACH OF THE
7 NUMBERED ITEMS.

HERE'S A FEW ITEMS
FOR DISCUSSION AT SOME
POINT IN MONDAY NIGHT'S
MEETING. None of them are
sacred, and suggested mainly
as a starting point, but
I would like to get some
feedback on each of the
7 numbered items.

Mary

Beyond the endless sky
we will carry our love
it knows no boundaries ~
Lean on me ~ when you need me ~
I will carry you ~

Trust in me ~

I will give you reasons to believe
I will focus all my energies
on our love ~ it will be everlasting
With you by my side ~ I will
never need any more ~
For once in my life ~
I am full filled &

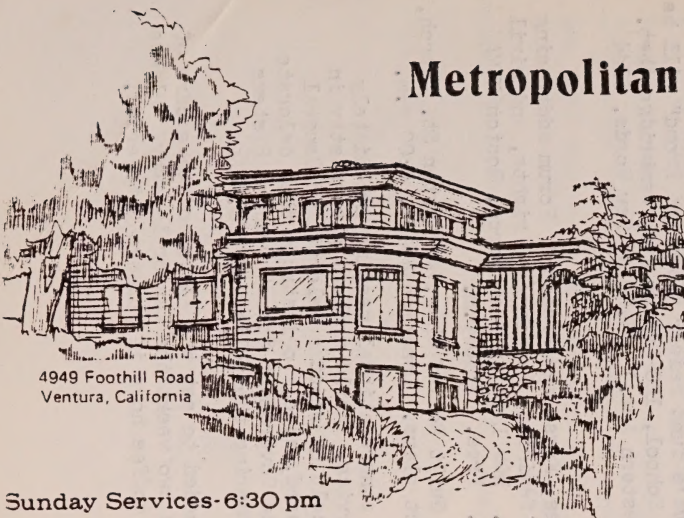
PASTOR'S STATISTICAL TALLY

Worship	44 services	88 hours
Worship Preparation	44 services	154 hours
Vestry Meetings	13	26 hours
Committee Meetings	7	9 hours
Classes/Groups		
Embodiment	10 sessions	20 hours
Homsex. and the Bible	4 "	8 hours
Advent Series	4 "	8 hours
Rules, Roles, etc.	10 "	20 hours
New Members' Classes	17 "	32 hours
Social Activities with Members	28	56 hours
Cafe Rouge	26	52 hours
Misc. meetings with members	8	17 hours
Counseling sessions	33	66 hours
HU counseling	43	86 hours
Holy Unions	7	14 hours
Hospital Visits	8	8 hours
District Activities		
Conferences Attended	3 (including travel)	91 hours +
Boston D.C.	1	10 hours
Support for other churches		
Springfield	7 sessions	51 hours
Worcester	1 "	4 hours
Providence	1 "	6 hours
UFMCC ACTIVITIES		
General Conference	1 (including travel)	174 hours
Ministers Conference	1 (including travel)	92 hours
Community Outreach		
Taize	5 meetings	10 hours
Interrel. Council	2 "	3 hours
Speakers/ Bureau	1 "	2 hours
Town Meeting	1	2 hours
Women's Activities		
Take Back the Night	5 meetings	13 hours
DOB - Over 35	6 "	12 hours
Women's Theolog. Coal.	6 "	12 hours
Amethyst Women's Dances	3	9 hours
Media		
Appearances	3	6 hours
Interviews	2	2 hours
Speaking Engagements	3	6 hours
Somerville Clergy Council	1	2 hours
Works out to 39.5 hours per week, including waiting time, education time, preparation and travel.		1171 hours

(or 4⁰⁰ an hour)

Metropolitan Community Church

OF VENTURA



4949 Foothill Road
Ventura, California

Rev. Marge Ragona, Pastor

Mailing Address:
Box A-O
Ventura, Ca. 93001
805-485-9994

Sunday Services-6:30 pm

METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH OF BOSTON
131 Cambridge Street Boston, MA. 02114
Rev. Marge Ragona, Pastor (617) 523-7664
REMEMBRANCE DAY June 19, 1983

CALL TO WORSHIP: L: It is good to give thanks to God,
to sing praises to the name of the Most High.
P: To proclaim your faithfulness throughout throughout
the night and your kindness at the dawn.
L: With 10-stringed instruments and lyres, with melody
upon the harp.
P: For you make me glad, O God, by your deeds; at the
work of your hands I rejoice.
L: How great are your works, O God! How very deep are
your thoughts.
P: The senseless do not know, nor do the foolish under-
stand this.
L: Though the wicked flourish like grass and evildoers
thrive,
P: They will not last, while you, O God, are the Most High
forever.

OPENING HYMN: Praise My Soul, the God of Heaven Printed

WELCOME AND INVOCATION

READING FROM THE SCRIPTURE: Jeremiah 20: 7-13
Matthew 10:16-22

SERMON: "Pride and Persecution" Mr. Chris Jenks

SONG: "Singing for Our Lives" Printed

PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE

RESPONSE: Spirit of the Living God, fall fresh on me.
Spirit of the Living God, fall fresh on me.
Melt me, mold me, fill me, use me.
Spirit of the Living God, fall fresh on me.

PASSING OF THE PEACE

WORSHIP WITH OUR TITHES AND OFFERINGS - ANNOUNCEMENTS

RESPONSE: We give thee but thine own
Whate'er the gift may be
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O God, from thee. Amen.

COMMUNION HYMN: Come, Living Christ, and Deign to Be Printed

BREAKING OF THE BREAD/BLESSING OF THE CUP

SUNG THANKSGIVING

Now our God is with us, let us make thanksgiving
For the joy within us living.
In this holy temple, at this holy table
Hope and life God will enable.
Now we leave and believe that God will restore us,
For the work before us.

CLOSING HYMN: Love Divine

No.283

BENEDICTION

* * * * *

Thanks to all of you who came to the Art Auction. We made
a profit of \$65.00. Also, Richard Creasy's buttons and
Richard Penney's refreshment table at the Gay Pride march
netted us over \$40.00.

General Conference begins on July 11th. Anyone who is
going needs to register, so that UFMCC office can plan
space, etc. for meetings. So far, only 5 from this church
are registered. Please tell us if you are going.

TUESDAY: Am Tikva's fund raiser "Loud and Proud" will be
held at M.L.King School, 120 Putnam Ave, Cambridge (bet.
Mass. Ave. and Western Ave.) \$5.00 at New Words, Glad
Day, etc.

Thursday: "Femmes, Fags, and Freedom" Forum addressing
the link between feminist, lesbian/gay rights, and civil
rights movements. NOW Lesbian Task Force, Boston YWCA
140 Clarendon St. Free. 7:30 p.m.

Friday: Fag Rag Guilt Relief Show, Arlington St. Church,
poetry and one-act plays. Donation \$3.00, 8:00 p.m.

There is a short congregational meeting immediately
following the service. Would members please stay in
their seats and help us elect a delegate to General
Conference. We need, also, to instruct that delegate
on the vote re the Government Structures and Systems
proposal for reordering the polity of MCC.

Volunteers are needed to set the altar and take care of
logistics for the two weeks the pastor is away. Please
see Marge at the coffee hour if you are interested.

Metropolitan Community Church of Boston
131 Cambridge Street Boston, MA. 02114
Rev. Marge Ragone, Pastor (617) 523-7664
3rd Sunday After Pentecost June 20, 1982

Call to Worship: L: Hear my cry, O God; attend my prayer.

P: From the end of the earth will I cry unto you, when my heart is overwhelmed.

L: Lead me to the rock that is higher than I; for you have been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

P: I will abide in your tents for ever: I will trust in the cover of your wings.

L: You have heard our vows and have given us the heritage of those who believe upon your name.

P: You will give us long life and we shall be many generations; we shall live with you forever.

L: O give us mercy and truth to preserve us.

P: We will sing praise to your name forever.

(From Psalm 61)

Opening Hymn: Love Divine, All Loves Excelling #283

Welcome and Announcements

Prayer of Invocation

Reading from the Scripture: John 2:1-11

Isaiah 6:1-8

II Corinthians 3:1-18

Sermon: "Bailing out of Deep Waters" Paul Medling

Hymn: We're A Story to Tell To the Nations #410

Prayers of the People

Response: Hear our Prayers, O God

Passing of the Peace

Worship with Our Tithes and Offerings

Response: We give thee but three: own
Whatever the gift may be;
All that we have is Thine alone
A trust, O God, from thee, Amen.

Communion Hymn: Evening Prayer Printed

Breaking of Bread / Blessing of the Cup

Sung Thanksgiving

Now our God is with us let us make Thanksgiving
For the joy within us living

In this holy temple, at this holy table

Hope and life God will enable

Now we leave and believe that God will restore us

For the work before us.

Closing Hymn: Our God is Like an Eagle Printed

Benediction

Announcements

Wednesday, 7:30 p.m. Rap "Cross-Generation Relationships".

TONIGHT: Benefit Dance for Second Wave magazine at Somewhere - 8:00 - Midnight.

Thursday: Speakout on Sexual Liberation at Arlington St. Church, 7:30 p.m. followed by refreshments and a MARCH ON THE BOSTON VICE SQUAD to protest entrapment and sexual Police.

Worcester's new pastor, Jamie McAllister arrived this week. Your prayers are sought for her work there. (Please remember to save pennies for Worcester's back debt.). Also remember MCC Springfield, holding their second service today. Last Sunday they had 14 in worship.

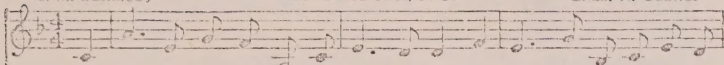
HELP! Does anyone have an unused typewriter to donate to the church? the Pastor's died!!

If I Have Wounded Any Soul

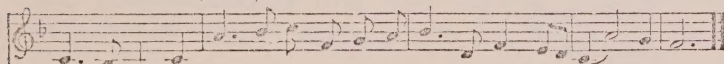
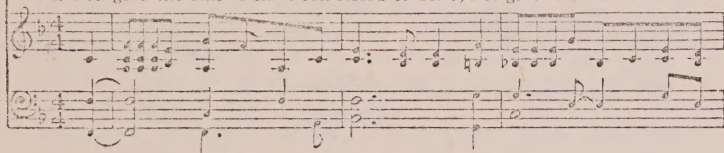
C. M. Battersby

(An Evening Prayer)
COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL
HOMER A. RODENBAVER, OWNER

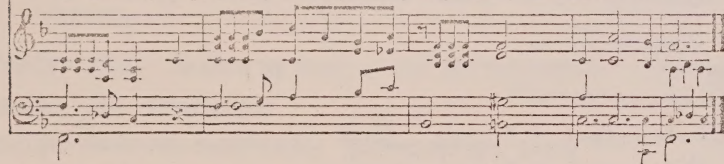
Chas. H. Gabriel



1. If I have wound-ed an - y soul to-day, If I have caused one foot to
2. If I have ut-tered i-dle words or vain, If I have turned a-side from
3. If I have been per-verse or hard or cold, If I have longed for shel-ter
4. For-give the sins I have con-fessed to Thee; For-give the se-cret sins I



go a-stray, If I have walked in my own will-ful way, Dear Lord, for-give!
want or pain, Lest I my self shall suf-fer thro' the strain, Dear Lord, for-give!
in Thy fold, When Thou hast given me some fort to hold, Dear Lord, for-give!
do not see; O guide me, love me, and my keep-er be, Dear Lord, A-men.



OUR GOD IS LIKE AN EAGLE

When Israel camped in Sinai, Then Moses heard the Lord,
This message tell the people, and give them this my word,
From Egypt I was with you, and carried on my wing.
The whole of your great nation, from slav'ry I did bring.

Just as a mother eagle, who helps her young to fly,
I am a Mother to you, your needs I will supply,
And you are as my Children, my own who hear my voice,
I am a Mother to you, the people of my choice.

If God is like an Eagle, who helps her young to fly,
And God is also Father, then what of You and I?
We have no fear of labels, we have no fear of roles,
If God's own being blends them, we seek the self-same goal

Our God is not a woman, our God is not a man,
Our God is both and neither, our God is I Who Am,
From all the roles that bind us, our God has set us free,
What freedom does God give us, the freedom just to be.

METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH OF BOSTON
131 Cambridge Street Boston, Mass. 02114
Rev. Marge Ragona, Pastor (617) 523-7664
2nd Sunday in Dominione August 8, 1982

CALL TO WORSHIP: L: God is faithful in word and
gracious in deed; God upholds
all who have fallen and raises
up those who are bowed down.

P: The eyes of all look to thee, and you feed us
in due season.

L: You open your hand and satisfy the desire of
every living thing.

P: God is just in all ways and kind in all doings;
God is near to all who call, who call upon God
in truth.

L: God fulfills the desire of all who are in awe of
God's power, hearing their cry and saving them.

P: God preserves those who love God; but will
destroy the wicked.

L: My mouth will speak the praise of God.

P: Let all flesh bless God's name forever and ever.

OPENING HYMN: IMMORTAL, INVISIBLE #27
(In V.4, change "Father" to "Great God")

WELCOME AND ANNOUNCEMENTS
PRAYER OF INVOCATION

READING FROM THE SCRIPTURE: II Kings 4,42-44.
Ephesians 4,1-6,11-16
John 6,1-15

SERMON: Allowing Ourselves to Be Fed REV. RAGONA

HYMN: I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR #265

Prayers of the People

Response: Hear Our Prayers, O God
passing of the Peace

Worship with Our Tithes and Offerings

Response: We give thee but thine own
Whate'er the gift may be
All that we have is thine alone
A trust, O God, from thee. Amen.

COMMUNION HYMN: Here, O My Lord, Printed
(Tune: Morcambe)

PRAYER OF CONFESSION: God, you know how much we
are part of it all: the world's anger, the private
grievances, the personal pride, the fear that eats

away our trust. We move in darkness; we are tired
with labor that does not satisfy; we are possessed
by our possessions. We seek after you aimlessly
and listen to you casually. We are confused. We
are afraid to take you seriously. God, clarify
our days and nights. Center us down on the im-
portant things. Awaken us from sleep. Prod us
and prepare us for the forgiveness for which we
scarcely dare to ask. Amid all you give us, keep
us hungry for the bread of heaven, and athirst
for the cup of salvation -- so that indeed, the
lame within us will walk, the blindness become
sight, and our imprisonment become freedom.
In the name of Jesus, who taught us to pray,
saying..."Our God in heaven, holy be your name.
Your dominion come, your will be done on earth
as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily
bread and forgive us our sins as we forgive those
who sin against us. Do not bring us to the test
but deliver us from evil. For yours is the
reign, the power, and the glory, now and forever.
Amen.

THE BREAKING OF BREAD/THE BLESSING OF THE WINE

SUNG THANKSGIVING: Now our God is with us
Let us make thanksgiving
For the joy within us living.

In this holy temple, at this holy table
Hope and life God will enable.

Now we leave, and believe, that God will restore us
For the work before us. Amen.

CLOSING HYMN: Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah 271

BENEDICTION

* * * * *

RAP GROUP: Wednesday, 7:30 p.m. Communication -
Communicating more effectively.

Dignity Boston is hosting a boat ride on Aug. 20
leaving Long Wharf (opposite Aquarium T stop) at
9:00 p.m. \$1000 in advance, \$11 dockside. Call
Dignity at 536-6518 for more information. Let's
make up a party to go! (Friday evening)

Casting for "Markings" has begun. Still needed,
a man to read Walt Whitman, many singers, "drags"
and a patter song person. See the pastor for
more information. Enlist your friends, enlist
your enemies -- it may do them some good!

Here, O My Lord, I See Thee Face to Face

48

HORATIUS BONAR, 1808-1889

MORE CANTO

FREDERICK C. ATKINSON, 1841-1897

1. Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face, Here would I
 2. Here would I feed up - on the bread of God, Here drink with
 3. I have no help but Thine, nor do I need An - oth - er
 4. Mine is the sin, but Thine the right-eous-ness, Mine is the

touch and han-dle things un - seen, Here grasp with firm - er hand e -
 Thee the roy-al wine of heav'n, Here would I lay a - side each
 arm save Thine to lean up - on; It is e - nough, my Lord, e -
 guilt, but Thine the cleans-ing blood; Here is my robe, my ref - uge,

ter - nal grace, And all my wea-ri-ness up - on Thee lean.
 earth-ly load, Here taste a - fresh the calm of sin for - giv'n.
 nough in - deed - My strength is in Thy might, Thy might a - lone.
 and my peace, Thy blood, Thy right-eous-ness, O Lord, my God.

Alleluia

49

Traditional

Traditional melody

1. Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia,
 2. He's my Sav - ior, He's my Sav - ior, He's my Sav - ior, He's my Sav - ior,

Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, al - le - lu - ia!
 He's my Sav - ior, He's my Sav - ior, He's my Sav - ior, Al - le - lu - ia!

3. He is worthy. . . 4. I will praise Him. . . 5. I will serve Him. . .

An unlimited number of additional stanzas are in current use, or may be devised to suit the mood of the occasion.

JONES, (Mrs.) *Frances 962-8158
1724 Cliff Drive, S.B. 93109

KERR, *Keith & (Ms.) *Peggy 964-6626
6590 Camino Venturoso, G. 93017

KEYES, *Robert & *Sidney (415) 938-0194
3117 Terra Granada Drive, #1
Walnut Creek, Ca. 94595

LIU, Maoling & Thelma 962-8271
1062 Miramonte Drive, #2, S.B. 93109

LORING, *Jonathan [Jon] & *Sue (503) 484-5496
960 Larch Street
Eugene, Or. 97405
Sarah 2/75, Nathan 4/78

MURPHY, (Mrs.) *Louise R. 966-0291
1443 La Vista del Oceano, #3, S.B. 93109

PATCHELL, *Jay & *Mary 967-8415
533 San Blas Place, S.B. 93111
Jim 8/53, Joan 4/55

PEZZATI, *Francis & *Jane 962-0826
288 Santa Monica Way, S.B. 93109

RODGERS, Julie 963-4596
536 La Marina, S.B. 93109

SEED, Carla & Bill 962-4346
1214 Shoreline Drive, S.B. 93109

SHANHOLTZER, *Robert S. & *Margaret 965-0902
258 Santa Catalina, S.B. 93109

SHELLER, *Connie & Gene 963-3996
615 Island View, S.B. 93109

SHUMAKER, *Gary & *Betty 687-0065
516 Alan Road, S.B. 93109
Dirk 1/64, Shelly 10/65

THOMPSON, *JoAnne & Dean 966-9450
 1903 El Camino de la Luz, S.B. 93109

TUTTLE, Norman & Myrna 968-3170
 7582 Hempstead, G. 93017
 Andy 11/62, Lauri 10/64

WHITE, (Mrs.) *Winifred [Wini] 966-1217
 4135-B Via Andorra, S.B. 93110
 Denise 3/63

WILSON, *Thomas P. & *Leslie 687-0092
 3840 Sunset Road, S.B. 93110
 Lisa 6/62, Meg 10/64

ZIMMERMAN, *Don H. & *Siu 964-5753
 89 Carlo Drive, G. 93017
 Todd 10/65, Tracy 10/67

DE WITT, Elizabeth [Libby], & 962-0522
 (Mrs.) Irene HOLTTON
 227 Oceano, S.B. 93109

FISH, (Miss) *Lillian 965-6290
 2546 Murrell Road, S.B. 93109

GALISPEAU, (Mrs.) Elizabeth [Betsy] 968-4618
 7635 Padova, G. 93017
 David 8/64, Martha [Muffy] 12/70

GRAY, (Mrs.) *Marjorie 966-1217
 1907 Red Rose Way, S.B. 93109

GRIESSEN, *Fred & *Carol 962-0370
 802 Litchfield Lane, S.B. 93109
 Karen 4/62

GRUNERT, (Mrs.) *Laura P. 962-1223
 1352 Santa Rosa Avenue, S.B. 93109

HENDRICKSON, *Gordon & *Nancy 968-5021
 283 Savona Avenue, G. 93017 (bus.: 967-8123)
 Terry 4/56, *Mike 11/58,
 *Thor 4/62, Angel 3/65, Camilla 9/67

ADAMS, *Phyllis & *Robert L. 966-2735

1405 Cliff Drive, S.B. 93109

Adams: Stephanie 2/59, Michele 7/62,

Melissa 4/65

Arnold: Jeff 9/59, Patty 9/63

AUDELL, (Mrs.) *Connie 964-7263

5086 Ella Lane, S.B. 93111

Joanne 9/66, Wendy 6/68, Robert 2/71

BOYD, *Judy & *Lance 967-9433

120 N. La Patera Lane, G. 93017

Heather 12/70, Sarolyn 4/73

CHAPMAN, *Charles, M.D. [Chick] & *Margo 967-1558

4957 La Ramada Dr., S.B. 93111

John 11/52, *Andrea 12/54, Dick 10/55,

Julia 11/56, Jim 3/59, *Carol 8/61

CORYELL, *N. Burr & *Dorothea [Dot] 965-3749

1250 Cliff Drive, S.B. 93109 (Dot: 962-9277)

COURTNEY, *Terri & *Breton 962-6742

1919 Red Rose Way, #3, S.B. 93109

EXECUTIVE BOARD

President:	Judy Boyd (2)
Vice-President:	Gordon Hendrickson (3)
Church Clerk:	Margo Chapman (1)
Treasurer:	JoAnne Thompson (2)
Members-at-Large:	Louise Murphy (3)
	Connie Sheller (3)
	Don Zimmerman (3)
	Bob Adams (2)

Financial Secretary: Wini White

AREA COORDINATORS

Worship:	Siu Zimmerman
Flowers & Communion:	Libby De Witt
Diaconate:	Libby De Witt
Education:	Terri Courtney
	Betsy Galipeau
Buildings & Grounds:	Terri/Breton Courtney
Beacon Editor:	Connie Sheller
Beacon Typist:	Louise Murphy
Beacon Mailing:	Mary Patchell
Social Action:	Bob Adams
The Group:	Carol Griessen
	Wini White
Kitchen/Coffee/	
Greeters:	Nancy Hendrickson
University	
Religious Conf.:	Dot Coryell

LOCAL UCC

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

963-1596

2101 STATE STREET, S.B. 93105

THE REV. ANDREW CRAIG, INTERIM PASTOR

THE REV. RON MEYER, ASSOCIATE

UNITED MINISTRIES IN HIGHER EDUCATION
(UCC, PRESBYTERIAN, CHRISTIAN)

UNIVERSITY RELIGIOUS CONFERENCE

968-1555

777 CAMINO PESCADERO, G. 93017

THE REV. WILLIAM VAN NESS, CAMPUS MINISTER

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CONFERENCE

466 E. WALNUT ST., PASADENA, CA. 91101

(213) 449-6026

THE REV. FRED P. REGISTER, CONFERENCE MINISTER

THE REV. C. GENE KUEHL, ASSOC. CONF. MIN.,

ADMINISTRATOR OF PILGRIM PINES

(714) 797-1821

THE REV. BARBARA MARTYN, ASSOC. CONF. MIN.

THE REV. DAN ROMERO, ASSOC. CONF. MIN.

1 9 7 9

DIRECTORY

OF

* MEMBERS AND FRIENDS

L A M E S A C H U R C H
(UNITED CHURCH OF CHRIST)

230 LIGHTHOUSE ROAD
SANTA BARBARA, CA. 93109

OFFICE PHONE: 962-6022

PASTOR:

THE REV. MYRNA TUTTLE

7582 HEMPSTEAD

GOLETA, CA. 93017

PHONE: 968-3170

SECRETARY: LOUISE MURPHY

ORGANIST, CHOIR DIRECTOR: JULIE RODGERS

O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES TO SING

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumph of God's grace!

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

Jesus! the names that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,
'Tis music in the sinners' ears
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

Christ speaks, and listening to that voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor, believe.

Hear Christ, ye deaf
God's praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Savior come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy. Amen

SING PRAISE TO GOD WHO REIGNS ABOVE

Sing praise to God who reigns above,
The God of all creation,
The God of power, the God of love,
The God of our salvation;
With healing balm my soul God fills,
And every faithless murmer stills;
To God all praise and glory.

What God's almighty power hath made,
God's gracious mercy keepeth,
By morning glow or evening shade
That watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;
Within the kingdom of God's might,
Lo! all is just and all is right;
To God all praise and glory.

The Lord is never far away,
But through all grief distressing,
An ever present help and stay,
Our peace and joy and blessing;
As with a mother's tender hand,
God leads us on, the chosen band;
To God all praise and glory.

Thus, all my toilsome way along,
I sing aloud thy praises,
That all may hear the grateful song
My voice unwearied raises;
Be joyful in the Lord, my heart
Both soul and body bear your part;
To God all praise and glory.

O ye who name Christ's holy name,
Give God all praise and glory;
All ye who have the power proclaim
Aloud the wondrous story!
Cast each false idol from the throne,
The Lord is God and God alone;
To God all praise and glory.

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE PRESENT CHURCH BUILDING

ORDER OF SERVICE

PRELUDE: "Come Holy Spirit" Nicolas De Grigny

- I. Chant en Taille, II. Fugue a V,
- III. Duodo, IV. Recite De Cromorne
- V. Dialogue Fur Lef Grands Jeux

Yuko Hayashi, Organist

INTROIT: "Intrada on Creator of the Stars of Night"
arr. by Mark Harvey

*THE CALL TO WORSHIP Linda McCabe

- L. Praise the Lord. Praise God in the sanctuary.
- P. PRAISE GOD IN THE MIGHTY FIRMAMENT!
- L. Praise God for mighty deeds.
- P. PRAISE GOD WITH TRUMPET SOUNDS.
- L. Praise God with flute and harp.
- P. PRAISE GOD WITH TIMBREL AND DANCE.
- L. Praise God with strings and pipes.
- P. PRAISE GOD WITH LOUD CLASHING CYMBALS.
- ALL. LET EVERYTHING THAT BREATHES PRAISE THE LORD.
- PRAISE YE THE LORD. AMEN

*HYMN OF PRAISE: "Sing Praise to God Who Reigns Above"

*INVOCATION AND THE LORD'S PRAYER (Our God who is ...)

MUSICAL SELECTION: "Christmas Carol Suite"
by the Brass Ensemble"

WORDS OF WELCOME The Rev. Richard E. Harding

VOICES OUT OF THE PAST: A collection of happenings led
by Harry L. Johnson III

THE PASTORAL PRAYER: The Rev. Wayne S. Moody

HYMN: "A Prayer for Peace" lyrics and music
by Mark Harvey

- 1. Hear our prayer O Jesus, offered in time of need,
Move us with your spirit, making of these words
a prayer indeed.
- 2. Christ, they called you healer, some said "Prince
of Peace.
God, have we so forgotten, killing, hating, fight-
and will not cease.

3. Peace is the hope you brought us, love the strength
you gave,
Help us to remember, celebrating life o'er death
and grave.

4. Alleluia Jesu, Alleluia Lord, all our trust is in
you
Guide our action by your word.

OFFERTORY ANTHEM: "The Old Hundredth Psalm Tune" R. Williams
by the Old West and Engelchor Choir of the
New England Conservatory of Music

*DOXOLOGY

SCRIPTURE READING

MUSICAL SELECTION: Flute Solo Elaine Phelps

SERMON: "Called to Be Faithful" Bishop George Bashore

*ACT OF DEDICATION

Bishop: For all that is past and for your grace
that brings us to this moment,

PEOPLE: WE GIVE YOU THANKS, O GOD!

Bishop: For the comfort and challenge of a community
rooted in yesterday and reaching for tomorrow.

PEOPLE: WE GIVE YOU THANKS, O GOD!

ALL: FOR ALL THAT HAS BEEN THANKS, TO ALL THAT
WILL BE, YES; SO WE GO FORTH IN FAITH TO
SERVE YOU, O GOD!

*HYMN OF DEDICATION: "O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing"

*BENEDICTION

POSTLUDE: "Prelude in B" Dupré
Michael Craft, Organist

(The congregation is invited to be seated for the
playing of the postlude.)

A warm welcome is extended to all persons sharing
in the 175th anniversary of the present Old West
Church building. The structure was designed by
Asher Benjamin and was dedicated on Thanksgiving
Day in 1806. You are invited to sign the guest
book at the close of the service and remain for
fellowship and the refreshments provided by the
United Methodist Women of Old West Church.

The members and friends of Old West Church welcome Bishop George Bashore as the preacher for the 175th anniversary celebration and look forward to greeting him at the close of the service.

We offer special thanks to the anniversary planning committee and all the persons named as participants in the service. The other persons taking part whose presence we celebrate are: Dr. George M. Bartol, Harold Horwitz, Esq, Father Emmett Jarrett, pastor Saint Johns the Evangelist, John Lilly, first pastor of Old West Church, The Rev. Dr. Wilbur C. Ziegler, former pastor and members of Old West Church bring words out of the past in behalf of other persons, Marion Shea, Janice Crews, Dorothy Bullock and Lillian Smith.

The greeters and ushers for today are Lillian Smith, former member of First Methodist Church and Lay Leader of Old West and Col. John R. Webb, former member of Copley Methodist Church and chairperson of the Board of Trustees of Old West.

Today's offering will be used to cover the expenses of this celebration and all additional gifts we be given to the Ethnic Minority Local Church Fund where the offering of the Boston Alliance of the United Methodist Church's Advent Hymn Sing was to have gone had it not been cancelled last Sunday.

OLD WEST STAFF

Richard E. Harding
Minister

Jerry Avise-Rouse
Seminary Intern and Office Staff

Yuko Hayashi
Director of Music
Michael Craft

Assistant Director of Music
Louise Forrest
Director, Drop-In-Center
Tyron Attles
Custodian

A CELEBRATION!



Old West Church

*Sunday, December 13, 1981
at 2:00 o'clock in the
afternoon*

UNITED METHODIST COMMUNITY CHURCH OF BOSTON
131 Chandler St. Boston, MA 02114
Rev. Maize Ragona, Pastor (617) 523-7664
THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT MARCH 6, 1983

CALL TO WORSHIP: L: WELCOME IN THE NAME OF ONE
who WAS NO STRANGER TO SORROW,
and who knew death that we might more fully know life.
P: WE ARE CHILDREN OF GOD. WE STAND IN COMMUNION
WITH ALL PERSONS EVERYWHERE. WE COME TO THIS PLACE
TODAY TO HEAR AGAIN OF GOD'S LOVE THAT CALLS US TO
A TRANSFORMING CARE THAT REACHES AROUND THE WORLD.

OPENING HYMN: LEAD ON, O CLOUD OF YAHWEH PRINTED

WELCOME + ANNOUNCEMENTS

PRAYER OF INVOCATION

READING FROM THE SCRIPTURE: ISAIAH 51:21-23
LUKE 10:38-42
GALATIANS 3:28

SERMON: SOME SMALL DRAGONS THAT LURK REV. RAGONA
TO DEVOUR US ON OUR SPIRITUAL JOURNEYS
DRAGON I - SEXISM

HYMN: SOMETIMES I WISH MY EYES HADN'T
BEEN OPENED PRINTED

PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE

RESPONSE: HEAR OUR PRAYERS, O GOD

PASSING OF THE PEACE

WORSHIP WITH OUR TITHES + OFFERINGS

RESPONSE: WE'VE THIEF BUT THINE OWN
WHATEVER THE GIFT MAY BE
ALL THAT WE HAVE IS THINE ALONE
A TRUST, O GOD, FROM THEE. AMEN.

COMMUNION HYMN: LADY OF BIRTH PRINTED

PRAYER OF CONFESSION: God, we know how often the world is torn
by hatred and misunderstanding, and we know how much this pains
you. We know that we are not personally responsible for all of this
torment, but we also know we stand guilty for some of it.
There have been times when we have been quick to
accuse and slow to forgive. There have been times when
we have let small differences mushroom into vast differences
while at the same time we ignore important misunderstandings
that should be drawing us together in love. For our

difficulty to push hate into love and angry accusation
before patient understanding, forgive us God. In the
name of Jesus, who taught us to pray saying, "Creator
in heaven, holy is your name. Your dominion come,
your will be done on earth as in heaven. Give us
this day our daily bread and forgive us our sins as
we forgive those who sin against us. Do not bring
us to the test, but deliver us from evil. For yours
is the power, the reign and the glory. Amen.

Invitation to COMMUNION

L: God be with you.

P: And also with you.

L: LIFT UP your hearts.

P: We lift them up to God.

L: LET US give thanks

P: It is right to give God thanks + praise

Sanctus

Holy, holy, holy God of power + grace. Heaven +
earth are full of your glory. Blessed is the ONE
who comes in the name of our God. Hosanna
in the highest.

Mystery of Our Faith

CHRIST has died; CHRIST is risen; CHRIST will come again.

Song Thanksgiving

Now our God is with us; let us make thanksgiving
For the joy within us, living.
In this holy temple, at this holy table
Hope + life God will enable
Now we leave and believe that God will restore us
For the work before us. Amen.

Closing Hymn: Our God is like an Eagle

Printed

Benediction

Thurs. 130 Day Guide to Protestant Theology

Passover Seder - we have been invited again to
join An Tikva on March 24th at 7pm. at Hill House
on Jay St. They need help in planning - see Maize at
the end of service.

OUR GOD IS LIKE AN EAGLE

When Israel camped in Sinai, Then Moses heard the Lord,
This message tell the people, and give them this my word,
From Egypt I was with you, and carried on my wing,
The whole of your great nation, from slav'ry I did bring.

Just as a mother eagle, who helps her young to fly,
I am a Mother to you, your needs I will supply,
And you are as my Children, my own who hear my voice,
I am a Mother to you, the people of my choice.

If God is like an Eagle, who helps her young to fly,
And God is also Father, then what of You and I?
We have no fear of labels, we have no fear of roles,
If God's own being blends them, we seek the self-same goals.

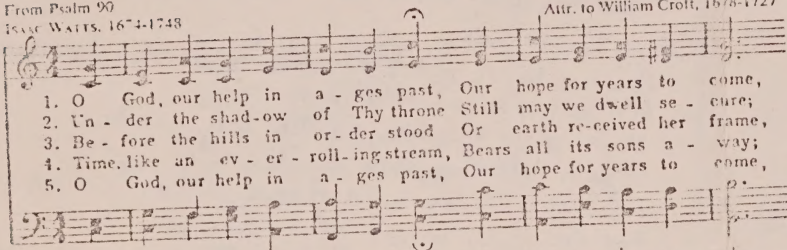
Our God is not a woman, our God is not a man,
Our God is both and neither, our God is I Who Am,
From all the roles that bind us, our God has set us free,
What freedom does God give us, the freedom just to be.

O God, Our Help in Ages Past

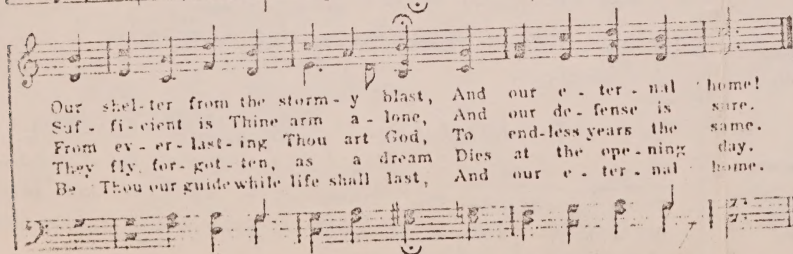
ST. ANNE

From Psalm 90
Isaac Watts, 1674-1749

Attr. to William Croft, 1678-1727



1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
2. Un - der the shad-ow of Thy throne Still may we dwell se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood Or earth re - ceived her frame,
4. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;
5. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,



Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
Saf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure.
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God, To end - less years the same.
They fly for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the ope - ning day.
Be Thou our guide while life shall last, And our e - ter - nal home.



Eleven O'Clock

Sixth Sunday After Epiphany

PRELUDE "Senza Misura"
"Largo"

Hovhanness
Handel

*THE GATHERING AND CALL TO WORSHIP

Leader: O come let us worship the God of
all life.

Community: I was glad when they said to me,
"Let us go into the sanctuary of God".

Leader: Enter here with thanksgiving and praise.

All: For God is good; and the love of God endures forever and the faithfulness of God is to all the people. Amen.

*HYMN OF PRAISE "Morning Has Broken" (on insert)

*CALL TO PRAYER

Leader: God be with you.

Community: And also with you.

Leader: Let us pray.

*INVOCATION 17 "How Great Thou Art" (1st Stanza)

*CALL TO CONFESSION

Leader: O God, show your mercy upon us.

Community: And grant us your salvation.

Leader: O God, ~~make~~ clean our hearts within us.

Community: And take not your Holy Spirit from us.

Leader: Let us pray.

PRAYER OF CONFESSION 600, Psalm 139

SILENT PRAYER

DECLARATION OF PARDON "O For A Thousand Tongues
To Sing"

Christ breaks the power of canceled sin
Christ sets the prisoner free
Christ's blood can make the foulest clean
Christ's blood availed for me

Hear Christ ye deaf, Christ's praise, ye dumb
Your loosened tongues employ
Ye blind, behold your Savior come
And leap ye lame for joy! Amen

THE LORD'S PRAYER (Our God who is in heaven...)

WORDS OF WELCOME

OFFERTORY "Lento" J.S. Bach

•DOXOLOGY Praise God from whom all blessings flow
Praise God all creatures here below
Praise God above ye heavenly hosts
Praise God and Christ and Holy Ghost

OLD TESTAMENT READING Leviticus 13:1-2, 44-46

CONTEMPORARY READING

*HYMN OF PREPARATION 283 "Love Divine, All Loves
Excelling"

*THE GOSPEL READING Mark 1: 40-45

SERMON "Breaking Brutal Barriers"
Rev. Richard E. Harding

CELEBRATIONS AND CONCERNS

PASTORAL PRAYER

*HYMN OF DEDICATION 193 "Jesus, United By Thy Grace"
stanza 1,2, (...Let all their friendly aid
4, and 6 afford, and feel each other's care.")

*BENEDICTION

POSTLUDE "Voluntary" Stanley
(The congregation is invited to remain seated
for the playing of the Postlude.)

* * * * *

A warm welcome is extended to all persons sharing in the service of worship this morning. We especially greet those of you who are worshipping here for the first time and invite you to sign the guest book if you have not already done so. Please plan to remain for the fellowship and refreshment hour at the close of the service of worship.

Our trumpet player this morning is David Washburn who will be performing his Master Recital here at Old West on Tuesday, March 2, at 6:30 pm. We thank David for his beautiful music and leadership this morning.

C A L E N D A R

Today, 9:45 am Choir Rehearsal. Mew members cordially invited to participate.

11:00 am Service of Worship
Marion Shea, Greeter

12 noon Fellowship and Refreshments
Adele Corkum, Hostess

12:30 pm Old West Fellowship

Monday, February 15 Holiday: Church Office Closed.

6:00 pm Drop-In-Center. Hot meal, fellowship, and worship. Volunteers are needed. See Kathryn Johnson if interested.

Thursday, February 18 6:30 pm Light Supper

7:30 pm Administrative Council Business Meeting

Saturday, February 20 12:15 pm

"Saturday Music At Old West"

Next Sunday is Human Relations Day. A special offering will be received and Jerry Avise-Rouse will be preaching.

Sunday, February 28 First Sunday of Lent. New members will be received into the membership of Old West Church. Plan to speak with one of the ministers if you are interested.

OLD WEST CHURCH
(United Methodist)
131 Cambridge St.
Boston, Mass. 02114
227-5088

Rev. Richard E. Harding

Jerry Avise-Rouse

Louise Forrest

Yuko Hayashi

Michael Kraft

David Gaylord

Minister

Intern, Office Staff

Director, Drop-In-Center

Director of Music

Ass't Director of Music

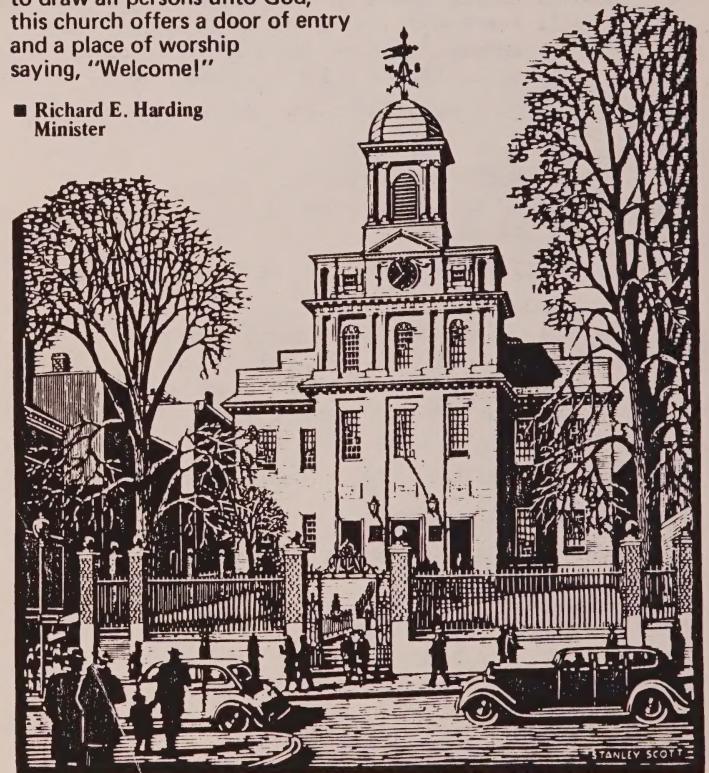
Sexton

To everyone who has faith or needs it, who lives in hope or faith would do so, whose character is glorified by the love of God or marred by the love of self—to those who pray and those who do not, who mourn and are weary or who rejoice and are strong—to the citizen and the stranger, in the name of the One who was lifted up to draw all persons unto God, this church offers a door of entry and a place of worship saying, "Welcome!"

■ Richard E. Harding
Minister

OLD WEST CHURCH

UNITED METHODIST



131 CAMBRIDGE STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02115

METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH OF BOSTON
131 Cambridge Street Boston, MA. 02114
Rev. Marge Ragona, Pastor (617) 523-7664
2nd Sunday in Advent December 5, 1982

CALL TO WORSHIP: L: When God turned again the
captivity of Zion, we were
like those who dream.

P: Our mouths were filled with laughter and our
tongues with singing; then the heathen said,
"God hath done great things for them."

L: God has done great things for us; and because
of them we are glad.

P: Turn again our captivity, O God, as you turn
the streams in the south.

L: Those who sow in tears shall reap in joy.

P: Those who go forth weeping, bearing precious
seed, shall without doubt come home again re-
joicing, bringing the full sheaves with them.

OPENING HYMN: O COME, O COME EMMANUEL #354

LIGHTING OF THE ADVENT CANDLES
ADVENT MEDITATION Sheila Rosecrans

WELCOME AND ANNOUNCEMENTS
PRAYER OF INVOCATION

READING FROM THE SCRIPTURE: Isaiah 9,2, 6-7
Phillipians 1, 3-11
Luke 3,1-6

SERMON: ABRAHAM'S STONE CHILDREN

HYMN: BREAK FORTH O LIVING LIGHT OF GOD #356
(In v.1 please change "the Master" to "that
Jesus" and "his" to "your.")

PRAYERS OF THE PEOPLE

RESPONSE: Hear Our Prayers

PASSING OF THE PEACE

WORSHIP WITH OUR TITHES AND OFFERINGS
OFFERTORY: The Choir

RESPONSE: We give thee but thine own
whate'er the gift may be
All that we have is thine alone
A trust, O God, from thee. Amen.

COMMUNION HYMN: COME THOU LONG EXPECTED JESUS

PRAYER OF CONFESSION: O God, we are strangers and
sojourners unless we are with you. We are no people
unless we are your people. We lose ourselves and
only find us in you. We have known no mercy, until

we find your mercy. Come to us, sing new songs in
us. Teach us our needs that we might pray to you.
Give us yourself, and teach us to give ourselves.
Be our defender against evil and false prosperity.
Set our feet on the path that leads to Bethlehem,
that we might run as if we had bells on our toes,
dancing and leaping our praise. Fill us with joy,
that we might truly pray, "Our God in Heaven, holy
be your name, your dominion come, your will be done
in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our
daily bread and forgive us our sins as we forgive
those who sin against us. Lead us not into temp-
tation, but deliver us from evil, for yours is the
power, the reign and the glory, now and forever.
Amen.

BREAKING OF BREAD/BLESSING OF THE CUP

SUNG THANKSGIVING:

Now our God is with us, let us make thanksgiving
For the joy within us living
In this holy temple, at this holy table
Hope and life God will enable.
Now we leave and believe that God will restore us
For the work before us. Amen.

CLOSING HYMN: GOD REST YOU MERRY

Printed

BENEDICTION

* * * * *
Tuesday, On Being a Musical, Mystical Bear - Group
meets at 7,30 in the parlor.

Thursday, Ministerial Team will meet at Lou Philpot's
All deacons, student clergy, and others who take
part in worship are invited. Topic: Using the
liturgical year for church growth. Lectionaries
will be handed out at that time. Please attend.

MONDAY: New members' class, 7,30 upstairs landing.

Thursday, Women's outreach group. Meets on the
landing.

December 18th. Church Christmas party at Carl
Fudge's in Winchester. We will be carpooling. Please
offer a ride, OR TELL US IF YOU NEED A RIDE. Potluck.

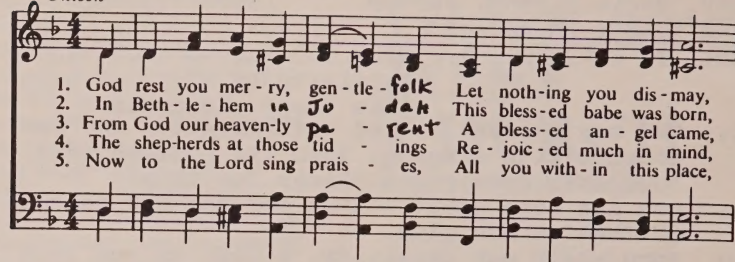
CHRISTMAS EVE: 11 p.m. service. All are welcome,
tell your friends/bring your friends.

How many people need to get together for Christmas
dinner? Please let us know, so we can make plans.

Helpers needed for newsletter. Please see Sheila

God Rest You Merry, Gentle Folk

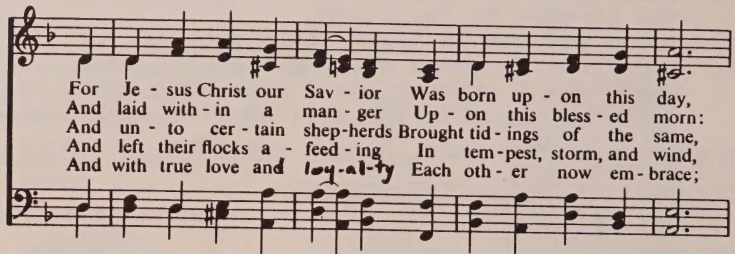
Unison



1. God rest you mer - ry, gen - tle - folk Let noth - ing you dis - may,
 2. In Beth - le - hem in Jo - dah This bless - ed babe was born,
 3. From God our heav - en - ly pa - rent A bless - ed an - gel came,
 4. The shep - herds at those tid - ings Re - joic - ed much in mind,
 5. Now to the Lord sing prais - es, All you with - in this place,

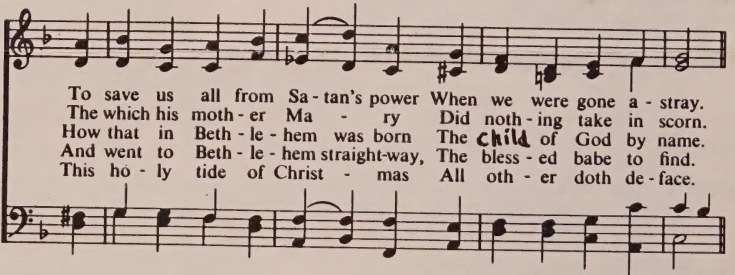
Come, Thou Long-Expected Jesus

Come you long-expected Jesus
 Born to set all people free;
 From our fears and sins release us;
 Show us our true destiny.
 Israel's strength and consolation
 Hope to all the earth impart;
 Dear desire of every nation
 Enter every longing heart.



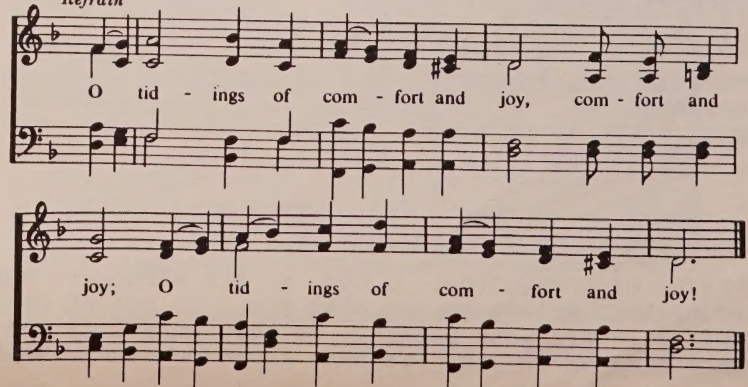
For Je - sus Christ our Sav - ior Was born up - on this day,
 And laid with - in a man - ger Up - on this bless - ed morn:
 And un - to cer - tain shep - herds Brought tid - ings of the same,
 And left their flocks a - feed - ing In tem - pest, storm, and wind,
 And with true love and loy - al - ty Each oth - er now em - brace;

Born all people to deliver,
 Born a child, you come to reign
 Born to rule on earth forever,
 Come, be known to us again.
 By your own eternal spirit
 Come to claim us as your own;
 By your all sufficient merit
 Let us share your cross and crown.



To save us all from Sa - tan's power When we were gone a - stray.
 The which his moth - er Ma - ry Did noth - ing take in scorn.
 How that in Beth - le - hem was born The child of God by name.
 And went to Beth - le - hem straight - way, The bless - ed babe to find.
 This ho - ly tide of Christ - mas All oth - er doth de - face.

Refrain



O tid - ings of com - fort and joy, com - fort and
 joy; O tid - ings of com - fort and joy!

Adaptation from Everflowing Streams